

# THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL;

A WEEKLY RECORD OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, AND  
POLITE LITERATURE.

"IS IT NOT RATHER NOTORIOUS AMONG THE BEST JUDGES OF ART IN THIS COUNTRY THAT IF YOU WANT AN ABSURD OPINION ON THE MERITS OF AN EXHIBITION,  
YOU MUST GO TO A NEWSPAPER TO FIND IT."—REPORT OF SELECT COMMITTEE ON ART UNIONS.

No. 2. VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1846.

[PRICE. 3d.  
STAMPED, 4d.

## CONTENTS.

### WHAT IS FINE ART?

#### MUSICAL CRITICS.

#### THE CLASSIC DRAMA.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

#### FINE ARTS:—

Commission of Fine Arts.

Ecclesiologism in a New Light.

Schools of Design.

The New Associate.

Poses Plastiques.

#### THE DRAMA:—

Mr. Macready's *Shylock* (continued).

Miss Laura Addison's *Isabella*.

Mr. J. R. Scott.

New Opera at Drury Lane.

#### THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

#### MISCELLANEOUS:—

Hypollite Lucas' Visit to London.

Dumas' *Hamlet*.

English Dilettantism, &c, &c., &c.

## WHAT IS FINE ART?

THERE are many terms common in the mouths of the multitude that have been used time out of mind with so little of consideration by those that teach, and of comprehension by those that listen, that there remains much cause for doubt whether anything like identity of meaning is ever agreed upon between them. Probably, were that exactness in language universal, which would enough describe the notions in the mind of each of us that each could assist the completeness of the idea presented to his own intellect by the addition of the details furnished by the other, a great many causes for dispute would cease to have existence. The consequences to some departments of thought that would follow such completeness would be to contract the purposes of the terms representing them almost to individualities; while on others it would confer an extent of meaning far wider than that they are usually accepted to include.

The term artist is of the latter description. Taken in its general acceptance it is supposed to intend a painter or a sculptor. To the query, "Who is that young man?" the reply "He is an artist," is at once received as meaning one of those professions. Now, while we assert the claim of the members of a great variety of professions to be included under that generic title, we are at the same time prepared to deny the distinction to many painters and sculptors.

It is not, we maintain, the absolute quality of the thing done that gives the doer the right of being classed with this, the noblest section of the human race. A statue may be copied by a machine; but that machine is not an artist. Pictures may be so closely imitated that the copy is confounded with the original; but success in such an imitation does not confer the title of artist on the painter. The requisite qualification for admission to the class arises from a combination of attempt and accomplishment. It is the concur-

rence of the two endowments of invention and execution in one individual; and supposes a mental foresight of consequence to pre-determinedly arranged cause. This cannot exist in the contriver unaccompanied by acquaintance with the laws by which the minds of men are operated on through their external organs. The endowment is conferred in infinite variety of degree, from that sufficiency that barely entitles admission among the class, ascending to the favoured few who are the astonishment of their contemporaries and the wonder of succeeding generations.

Fine art is, then, something that, having had commencement in the mind of the worker, has been by him so far executed that the effect he intended to produce is, by the work, suggested to those that witness its exhibition. It is the realisation of a thought. It is the imagining of a result and the invention or selection of the means for accomplishing that result. The execution is not confined to the hands; neither is it necessary that its effects should be contained in something that is itself transferable. The acting of the elder Kean and Malibran contained their full share of that portion of the artistic quality that arises from an acquired knowledge of those principles by which the intellectual portion of man's nature may be acted upon; and the other portion of that quality, the ability to operate upon those principles was in them no less eminent. They differed from the painter and the sculptor, but in that the effects they were competent to produce, from the medium through which they exhibited their conception, died with them; but the great evidence of their excellence is the rarity in which the endowment they possessed is discoverable among their fellow mortals.

There are many obstacles to our obtaining universal assent to the position here advanced. The followers of each distinct mode of exhibiting artistic proficiency are little tolerant of the assertion that any other mode than its own exacts an equal amount of mental and physical capacity in the student. That this should be so is not to us a matter for surprise. He who devotes his life to a peculiarity of research discovers more in that than it is possible he could in any other. He appreciates its difficulties by the pains he has bestowed in the endeavour to overcome them. Each step as he ascends serves but to show to him a more extensive view of those capabilities which his life is too contracted to develop, while the absorption of his faculties in his own adopted pursuit narrows his perceptions when estimating those of others which occupy the same time, insist upon the same toil, and exact as much of intellectual power for their study with success.

What is the literary inventor but an artist whose medium is words? What is the painter but a poet whose medium is form? The aim of both is to

excite sensations in the minds of those who examine their works. The aim of both is to describe the effects of passion, and deal with the sensibilities through the imagination. Each uses the terms proper to the other as analogous to itself. Their advantages are reciprocal. A composition on canvas may be, and often is, founded on a few lines of verse or poetical prose; and pages of intense poetry may be, and often are, founded on a composed picture. Each possesses the quality in common of creating or suggesting thought. The intellectual capacity of both are equal; they differ but in the medium for its display. Each, according to the appropriateness of this medium for the work, will occasionally triumph over what may be truly called the sister art. We might instance that delicious picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A., of the "Mother and Child," as one that could not find equivalent in words; and the description of the death of Mrs. Dombie, in the first number of Mr. Dickens's work, now in course of publication, as something beyond the painter's art to represent. Each of these are a creation; each are eminently suggestive; and each are so happily executed, that the wish for addition or diminution of any part never enters the imaginations of those that are capable of appreciating their excellence.

We may not exclude the engraver from the rank of artist, as being purely imitative. Although the form and the composition and the expression are provided for him, yet are his means so distinct, that excellence in his art arises from the invention of equivalents for those means the medium through which he works deny him. Very many among engravers have proved themselves to be truly artistic. Indeed, the profession treads so closely on the heels of painting, that much of power in the latter department is often possessed by those that become eminent in the first.

It is this quality of creation that ennobles art. It is this confers the added epithet of fine. Execution alone is mechanical, for every resource of manipulation may be exhibited in a copy or an imitation. We cannot, therefore, denominate those artists who are not inventors; and may be allowed to aid the influence of our own judgment by that of Ben Jonson, who, speaking for the class to which he belonged, says:—

"Indeed, if you will look on Poesie

As she appears in many, poor and lame,  
Patch'd up in remnants, and old worn-out rags  
Half star'd for want of her peculiar food,  
*Sicred invention*; then I must confirm  
Both your conceit and censure of her merit.  
But view her in her glorious ornaments,  
Attired in the majesty of art,  
Set high in spirit with the precious taste  
Of sweet philosophy, and which is most,  
Crown'd with the rich tradition of a soul

That hates to have her dignity profaned  
With any relish of an earthly thought,  
Oh! then, how proud a presence does she bear!  
Then is she like herself—fit to be seen  
Of none but grave and consecrated eyes."

We think, with Ben, that all poets are not artists; for it is not the attempt, but the accomplishment, confers the title.

That an actor of genius presents to us those qualities of invention and suggestion we do not consider liable to dispute. Those who suppose the scope of study of a first-rate tragedian to be entirely confined to the mechanical execution of the meaning intended by the author when he penned the words, rate the faculties of the actor below their proper estimate. He is rather tasked to produce the highest quality of meaning the words will admit; and, in his doing so, the author is often himself astonished at effects of which he, not being himself an actor, had no conception when he wrote. The actor has all that which appeals to the eye left to his own disposition, without assistance from the author. The entire arrangement and composition of the scene is his. It depends upon his individual artistic skill whether or not he shall always be the principal object in the picture. The high quality of expression is his own creation, exacting from him not only the judgment, but the physical means for its production. To do all this effectively, he must have acquaintance with the "principles by which the minds of men are impelled through their external organs." Who shall then dare refuse the title of artist to the actor that invents? Yet are not all actors artists; for it is not the attempt, but the accomplishment that confers the title.

The musician, whether the executive performer who discovers new modes for displaying the resources of his instruments—the singer, who illustrates with advantage the intentions of the poet, and often confers on indifferent verse the high qualities of sentiment and expression—or the composer, who imagines effects, and in his mind's ear, conscious of the complicated grandeur of sound that emanates from a full orchestra, is equal to an arrangement of those combinations that shall realise his dream, are no mean members of the artistic family, and can each guarantee legitimacy of claim to the title in equality with the proudest; yet are not all that call themselves musicians artists.

Shall we be prepared to refuse the claims of the graceful *danseuse*, who, endowed by nature with every physical appropriateness, invents new combinations of the beautiful, creates new modes of motion, and becomes a distinct expression of sentiment in action—glorifying the perfectness of the human form; and, while evidencing its superiority even in those endowments which are not mental, proving that sentiment and expression are the vivifying essences that animate to excellence in all? We cannot refuse such claims; yet how few among dancers are artistic!

How many of these we have dared to join in one family look coldly, if not contemptuously, on their brethren! There are even those who will not own to the relationship. Nay, this repulsiveness does not confine itself to distinction in profession; as, the poet, the designer, the actor, the musician, &c. &c. They are each again so subdivided, as to scarcely tolerate companionship as shoots of the common branch that springs from the artistic trunk. There would be difficulty in an attempt to settle precedence among the writers of the epic,

the dramatic, the lyrical, and the novel—as if precedence depended rather upon the direction of attempt than the sum of accomplishment. Let them all note this: eminent success in any one department is far above mediocrity in any other. This difficulty equally presents itself with the historical, the domestic, the *genre*, the animal, and the landscape painter. But a failure in what is called high art is not sanctified by the daring of the endeavour; and the man who has so failed has no right to assume that he would have been successful, had he bounded his ambition to the painting of a horse, a dead hare, or a bunch of flowers. Each of these require peculiarity in perception to do them well; and had he been eminently qualified for success in the department, he would not have died and made no sign, but have given evidence of his capacity.

We believe there is too much of this feeling among actors. The tragedian is often supercilious in reference to other modes of "showing to the very age and body of the time its form and pressure." He is in something countenanced in that arrogance, by the well known fact, that almost every comic actor is a tragedian that has failed; for few of them have been content to wear the sock until their claim to the buskin has been unmistakably refused. But it is only the successful tragedian that can so assume. It is only that singularly gifted individual, who has proved his qualifications and obtained their acknowledgment by the public, to whom this right of precedence has been granted. There is some justice in this: for, though it would be difficult to adjudge the comparative degree of mental rank between many of the most artistic in the various walks of the drama, the added personal requisites, whether as to figure devoid of obtrusive peculiarity, features capable of intense serious expression, and voice that shall well interpret the conception, make a sum of endowment in conjunction with the artistic ability to use these means to advantage that is very rarely bestowed. But the very peculiarities that unfit an actor for tragedy often make his chiefest adaptation for the grotesque, and there are not a few that have only to show themselves to the public to succeed. Some are quite satisfied with this, and are not artists; but there are others, who, taking this physical fitness for their starting point, by studying and comprehending the range of their own natural parts, and watching the delicacies of expression among mankind, invent new combinations that have in them as much foresight of effect and acquaintance with the principles by which the minds of men are moved to intense mirth, as constitute the truly artistic in their representation.

That one artist should think lightly, nay, meanly, of that pursuit which animates another to his labour, is, as we have said, above a consequence of the absorption of his intelligence in his own pursuit. That he does think his own the best, is shown in that he has adopted it. No man may hope to attain high excellence in any profession, uninspired by enthusiasm for that profession. What is enthusiasm? Is it not, in part, a faculty for magnifying the utility of some one object, to a gigantic proportion when compared with that of its competitors, and for investing it with qualities less dependant on its own intrinsic greatness, than on the apparent meanness of dimensions of those that surround it. Enthusiasm then diminishes in degree the advantages of all pursuits and intentions but its own. This would seem to imply a stigma

upon the universal impulse to excellence in anything; for, without enthusiasm, nothing extraordinary has ever been achieved. Whether this is or is not a slight, it is nevertheless a quality of the enthusiastic—an absolutely essential ingredient in the organisation of those individuals who surpass eminently the other strivers for permanent reputation in their art, whatever that art may be. The consecration of a life, and continual exertion of the energies, are necessary for the accomplishment of excellence in any intellectual or even physical intention; and such devotedness can only be hoped for from those having sufficiency of preference to discover enjoyment in that which would be a sacrifice to the many. Thus their disposition, perception, and natural capacity for that study, affording them a wider range for estimating its capabilities, impress their judgments with the conviction that it is to others what it appears to be to them; and their valuation of its worth, taken from their satisfaction in its pursuit, is measured, rather by what remains to be done, than by what they are conscious of having already completed.

Thus the poet gives his art the credit of capacity to produce that which he has himself but dimly imagined. His supposed obstacle is the incompleteness of words for expressing what he thinks he has conceived. But it may be doubted that words would be an obstacle, if his conception were complete.

The actor sees, in his conception, embodiments that his physical means are unequal to accomplish. His voice is incapable of the nice intonation that should give a symptom to a passing thought; and he finds, as knowledge of what should be ripens in him, those characters that required the look of youth are no longer suited to his appearance, and he believes the difficulties with which he has to cope exceed all other studies, because they are not the same.

The painter imagines combinations which the imperfections of colour, and the long period necessary for conquering the many distinct branches of study, that are assembled in the production of a fine picture, render it impossible that he can sufficiently communicate; and every new canvas is to him a new failure. All arts of design are rather a system of equivalent, than an absolute imitation. Watch how he may, the evanescent image of a sentiment, or an atmospherical accuracy, is never reproduced to his satisfaction, and he is always cognizant of much requiring improvement beyond those errors detected by the critic.

The architect has visions of grandeur in building, for which men have no use, and the beauty of his fancy being incongruous to the common-place necessities to which he is obliged to administer, his air-built castles are substituted in his thought for the brick or stone elevations he has given to the world, when rating the degree of eminence his art should hold.

The sculptor, although his art has not so many characteristics as that of the painter, is more open to criticism in those it does possess. Although he does but undertake a reproduction of form, even as form exists, with substance, extension, roundness, and but little attempt at imitation, yet, were instances of perfect model numerous, and they are rare, he would have to cultivate his perception to select on those principles of beauty that have been sanctified by the adhesion of all that were great among all that have existed. He finds nowhere that complete model in individual nature; and the beautiful must present so full an image to his mind



as shall enable him to ennoble and correct the vitiated forms presented by modern civilisation, to the supposed physical vigour assumed to have existence in what is called the heroic age. He never does this to his satisfaction; but rather estimates his art by what he is aiming at than by what he hits.

While endeavoring to show the extent to which the term artist, as belonging to the disciples of the fine arts, may be applied, we have risked the reproach of not having defined our notion of fine art itself. But we assume that definition may be gathered from the enumeration of the qualities to be possessed by those who may be received as its members.

The fine arts, then are those branches of production that arise among a people, after such an amount of wealth has been accumulated as will enable those who possess it to exist without necessity for exertion. Their mission is the gratification of the mental craving, when the physical appetites have been provided for. They are the children of leisure—the ripe fruits of education, and the undeniable evidences of intellectual proficiency. Some dull souls have ventured to stigmatise them as useless vanities, because their range is not among the tangible and ponderous realities that occupy the chemist and the engineer. We yield to none in veneration for the wonders our age has witnessed from these departments; but we have yet to learn, that the intellect is less of a reality than the tenement of which it is an inhabitant.

Our intention in this article has been to prove the relationship of art. If we have succeeded in awakening some minds to the advantages that would result to each from inquiry into the principles that rule the rest, we are confident the analogies everywhere presenting themselves will more than recompense the research.

H. C. M.

#### MUSICAL CRITICS.

THERE are some strange notions abroad among those who wish to dictate about musical compositions, which, if not combated, may go far to destroy the germ of musical talent that England possesses; or, if not destroy, at all events so cramp and fetter it, that it will never turn out anything but a pigmy representation of what it ought to be. There is a notion that the old school cannot be equalled; it is, therefore, set up as a model, and woe to the unlucky aspirant who does not cramp himself within the rules that are supposed to have emanated from so dominant an authority; these are, a contempt for all modern composers not of a certain clique.

Those who take up these notions are, for the most part, plodding, industrious sort of professors, who, learned in counterpoint, conceive that the whole art of music consists in writing a fugue—a thing of rule; a thing you may measure and work out just as a carpenter or bricklayer does his work. They gloat over Bach, think everything that is not based on construction and contrivance of nought; men who meet in a small room and, over tea and muffins, repeat over and over to each other their peculiar dogmas, and imagine all the world ignorant but themselves. They hear of music—music that breathes a soft and luring melody, that catches the soul and wraps it in Elysium, and they take out a rule and measure it, and then pronounce—it is rubbish—it is not like Bach—it is not like the old school—it is not worked out according to the rules of counterpoint—it is, there-

fore, nothing. To these, and such as these, unfortunately, has been in a great measure entrusted the mission of the critic. In fact, they have usurped it; they have frightened the public with a show of knowledge, and the public has passively submitted; they have hung a millstone round the young aspiring artist's neck and he fears to leave the beaten track. His ideas would soar into the world of melody, and he would fain pour out his imaginings; but the cold clammy hand of the contrapuntist comes upon him with its icy touch, and chills his burning thoughts. He feels the deadening influence; he cannot wing his flight, but sinks into the dark abyss, and writes a fugue. The harpy critic takes the offering, he pulls out his measure, and measures it; he is delighted; it is exact; it fits to a hair's breadth. There is the subject, then the answer, that inversion is proper; this modulation in strict rule. Then come the whole train of terms—retardation, suspension, discords of transition, &c. The contrapuntist is in ecstasy; his heart gladdens; he pronounces it is music, and the young artist thinks he has gained his Parnassus; he catches the infection, and in his turn goes and does likewise.

Such is the modern notion some would give to an art, that from the earliest ages has always been an art divine! Let us conceive the same applied to poetry, and even our contrapuntal critic would blush at the absurdity. Let us conceive a poem, written by rule—it would be a thing of mere syllables and rhymes—the construction of a phrase would be more sought after than the thought it contains, and a knowledge in grammar, with the art of rhyming, form the poetical stock-in-trade; and yet to this point would some musical writers bring the science of sweet sounds: they would reduce it to a knowledge of counterpoint, or the construction of a fugue. We would not be understood to set these at nought; they are the foundation. He who would excel must have his material at command. The painter must be thoroughly acquainted with the outline of the human figure—nay, versed in the anatomical construction; to this colouring and perspective must be added. But all these would not make a painter without that inward spark of mind that bursts forth in a Michael Angelo or a Raphael. And thus it is with music: all the knowledge of an Albrechtsberger, and the grammatical cramming of a contrapuntal society\* to boot, would never give us a Mozart or a Rossini. These have the sway over their materials; the others are overwhelmed by them, and they then grovel in the mud—their genial element.

The composer, even with all his powers, must always bear in mind the state of public feeling. There is a tide in the affairs of men, and he who wishes to excel must swim with it, not against it. The English composers of the day do not, however, seem to think so. They have set up a standard of their own, and blindly following it themselves, think that the world ought to tread in their footsteps. It is owing to this that we have hardly one who can claim a lasting name. We have many dabblers in notes—stock-exchange sort of people—many who write music, instrumental and vocal, symphonies, concertos, or operas; they please themselves, and in so doing, think the public ought likewise to be pleased. The said public, however, has a notion of its own. It may for a time take an opinion at second-hand, but an under-

current is always at work, which in the end is sure to set the real estimate on these productions; and the short-lived prosperity only causes a more ponderous fall.

If we take a glance at the operas that appeared last season—nay, even those that are being presented—we shall find this fact apparent: the composer does not think it worth his while even to conciliate his audience—he revels in his own ideas—they are formed on the model he has enshrined as his standard of excellence; and if the public does not approve, he sets it down to the account of ignorance or prejudice, having not a notion that the fault rests entirely with himself. Thus it is the same in the artistic as in the moral world. The mote in the brother's eye is pointed at, while the beam that obstructs self-knowledge is overlooked.

Of the operas lately produced, let us candidly ask, is there one that will stand the test of time? Will either *Mariana*, or *Don Quixote*, or the *Crusaders* ever be heard of as establishing a name for the writers? and yet, they have one and all been befuddled and bepraised until language is even abused by the fulsome flattery it is made to spawn forth. We have a composer—Balfe—analyse his music, and there will always be found in them a sufficient amount of ingredients to amuse and please the public. The secret of his success lies not so much in any great musical powers, as in making the best use of what he possesses. He writes not merely to please himself, but to catch the public taste; and he wins his way, amidst the envy and hatred of those who have formed themselves on models no longer palatable. We had also another composer, who, in the *Mountain Sylph*, gave indications of power that would have made for him a name; but the cold contrapuntal critic turned him aside from the path he ought to have followed—John Barnett eschewed the beautiful in melody. He wrote counterpoint, and now

"His name is never heard."

To return, however, to the two points we started from:—By the old school, is usually understood what we shall here call Handel and Co. Now, if we except gigantic choral effects, we shall find even this great name hiding, under its shelter, a host of most unmeaning music, possessing not one spark of sentiment, incapable of producing the smallest pleasurable effect to those who have imbibed a feeling for the luscious melodies of the modern Italians. Are we to go back then on music, while all the world else is in progress? are we to have thrust upon us a great noise of the old school, when the heart seeks for that soothing influence which some, in our own day, can exert over us? We need not fear it—the old school has had its day. We love it, we venerate it—nay, we linger occasionally to hear it. But not Exeter Hall and all its concomitants can ever recall it. The power of music is in its softness, as that of woman in her weakness, take from her that which endears her to us, and the charm is lost. The second point is, the contempt for all modern music except that which emanates from a certain clique. It naturally occurs to ask, on what grounds such opinions are based, and how is the selection made? This, perhaps, is not easily to be answered. Our critic does not take the trouble to think about the matter. He pronounces ex cathedra, and deals out his anathemas, on whom? Bellini, Donizetti, and Mercadante. And whom to exalt? Macfarren, Wallace, Benedict; and now we suppose we must add Loder and Lavenu. We think we see you

\* We believe there was a Contrapuntal Society, which came forth under very flowery auspices; but was doomed, as might have been expected, to a very short-lived existence.

smile, kind reader; and deem us dreaming. You will find it too true. Your contrapuntal critic has no soul for the melodies that breathe in all the writings of this modern Italian school; and would raise up, in their stead, those who, if the truth must be spoken, seem not to know, not to feel, what a melody is—*The Crusaders* and *Norma*, *Maritana* and *L'Elisor d'Amore*. Gracious powers! to put them even together seems a desecration.

When such notions are widely cherished and fostered, it is difficult for the young artist to escape the trammels. The time, however, is approaching, when great names and authorities will no longer be appealed to, or set up as models. Each day some deeply felt prejudice yields to the pressure from without; and artists who wish to raise the standard of music as a fine art, must not fear to grapple with the enemy, even in his stronghold. "There were brave men before the days of Agamemnon." And there have been since. There have been great musical men in former days, and there are now. We would wake them from their cells, and cherish them with the genial warmth of art. Not that which would fetter every aspiration by pointing to the past, and saying—These be your gods, which you must worship. No; let each assert his own prerogative of thought; let him not be deterred by the apparent difficulties; and our country may yet yield composers for the admiration of the world; but, ere that day arrives, our contrapuntal critic must bite the dust; he must shelter himself behind his musty tomes. And while the world at large will prefer the sweet influence of melody, he will sneak into a corner, and, casting back his thoughts to the past, exhale his soul in a fugue. C. J.

#### THE CLASSIC DRAMA.

*Mit.* Does he observe all the laws of comedy in it? *Cor.* What laws mean you?

*Mit.* Why the equal division of it into acts and scenes, according to the Terentian manner; his true number of actors; the finishing of the scene with *Grex* or *Chorus*; and that the whole argument fall within the compass of a day's business.

*Cor.* O, no! these are too nice observations.

*Mit.* They are such as must be received, by your favour, or it cannot be authentic.

*Cor.* Troth, I can discern no such necessity.

*Mit.* Not!

*Cor.* No, I assure you, signior. If those laws you speak of had been delivered us *ab initio*, and in their present virtue and perfection, there had been some reason of obeying their powers; but 'tis extant that that which we call *Comedia* was at first nothing but a simple and confused song, sung by one only person, till *Suario* invented a second; after him *Epicharmus* a third; *Phormus* and *Chionides* devised to have four actors, with a prologue and chorus; to which *Craebus*, long after, added a fifth and sixth; *Eupolis* more; *Aristophanes*, more than they; every man in the dignity of his spirit and judgment, supplied something. And, though that in him this kind of poem appeared absolute and fully perfected, yet how is the face of it changed since, in *Menander*, *Philémon*, *Cecilius*, *Plautus* and the rest! who have utterly excluded the chorus, altered the property of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all liberty, according to the elegance and disposition of those times wherein they wrote. I see not, then, but we should enjoy the same license, or free power, to illustrate and heighten our invention as they did, and not to be tied to those strict and regular forms which the niceness of a few, who are nothing but form, will thrust upon us.—*Every Man out of his Humour*.

It is worthy of remark, that the existing system of scholastic education, assumed by general consent to be the most effective agent for the eradication of prejudice, has been, for a long period, directed to implant notions in young minds, that if they once take root, mischievously affect their judgments of men and things for the remainder of their existence; or, rather, deprive them of the power of judging by any other standard than that contained in the absolute and arbitrary code that has been whipped into them at first, without the

privilege of inquiry, and is ever after appealed to without the hesitation of suspicion. What but the venerated opinions of Homer, Virgil, and Plutarch, inculcating respect for ancient butchery, has sanctified the trade of war through so many generations, in which everything has progressed but literature? At length, however, the nations of Europe are awakening to the consciousness, that destruction and depopulation, the attributes of the hero, are but remnants of barbarism, and not consequences of civilisation; as mere book learning would still continue to inculcate. The newspaper writers of France and England accordingly continue to make war with one another, to be considered erudite and classical, while the people take little or no interest in the affectation of dispute.

The first impressions the tyro receives from the scholastic source complained of is, that the best modern productions are but wretched imitations of antique fulfilment; that all existing systems are but fragments rescued from a ruin; that man is not the creature of progress but of decay; that the best things that ever were done were done in the beginning; and that all the arts, all the learning, and all the philosophy of all periods, were invented, known, perfected, and exhausted by a population something equivalent to that contained in the district of Finsbury, and whose real discoveries, in those things which are not estimated by mere opinion, are individually and numerically surpassed by the applications to utility exemplified in the furniture and utensils of a single modern habitation of the meanest class.

Thus we have crowds of writers who will persist in seeking for precedents for existing legislatures among a people of a distinct civilisation, and having antagonistic codes of morality and religion with our own. We have men who still continue to refer to the natives of another clime, possessing varieties in manners, and peculiarities in institutions, that have grown out of those manners, and presenting simplicity of combination and associations with the nations in their contact; we say still continue to refer to these for regulations and opinions that shall control the more complex interests and more perfect institutions of the time and country in which they live. And still is wordy speciousness the instrument, and sole instrument, with which they work, and in which they have confidence.

How a nation that has produced a Shakespeare can yet afford specimens of individuals that continue to laud and glorify the timid beginnings of antiquity as equaling, if not surpassing, the most successful consummations of dramatic representation that some of us have witnessed, is but an instance among many to prove that scholastic education is as much or more mighty for the cultivation of prejudice than for its extirpation. But when we inquire into the mode by which men are supposed to become qualified for the task of teaching their fellows, we shall be less surprised at the results; for it is the natural consequence of their required preparation. They are taught rather to venerate words themselves than the ideas they should represent. They are hacknied in the abused facilities of specious composition, until the manner of expression imposes itself upon their imagination as a substitute for the matter relating to the thing discussed. They become at length so used to the gingle of words alone, that any accomplishment that is not literary, is considered at once inferior; and, as at all times, to be sacrificed to that which their accumulated prejudice has elevated to a deity. This wordy influence is the persecutor of truth.

In one writer it exhibits itself in a facetious application of strange images and quaint associations, that limit their ambition to the excitement of a laugh—not at the object of the writer's aim, but at the singularities of connection his faculty of combining words has discovered in objects that have similarity of terms without similarity of intended meaning. These are the literary clowns of the ring—the jack-puddings of literature—the Mr. Merryman's of pen and ink, whose comical organisations were "sent into this breathing world" for the single purpose of making fun for the amusement of their contemporary generation. Another portion devotes this wordy acquirement—the leading accomplishment of scholastic education—to that species of composition that has pathos for its object, and would blot reams of foolscap upon the extinction of a fading buttercup, and be right eloquent on the melancholy catastrophe of a crushed black beetle. They dig for undiscovered analogies—dress them in peculiar speciousness of diction—and call the produce poetry.

Far be it from us to attempt to depreciate the fair value of these acquirements. To do so would be committing the error we would denounce. But we would, nevertheless, insist that facility in such departments of intellectual capability do not, necessarily, constitute a teacher in anything but that in which success has been obtained.

It is not necessary that we should refer further for examples to prove the obstacle to a just appreciation of things that arises from the too great domination of the word monger over the doer or practical operator. Unfortunately for the latter, he is compelled to appeal to the crowd through the intervention of the first, and his meaning is often warped in the transmission. The writer must contest with the writer; and, from the consequent similarity of view and equal narrowness of acquaintance with the thing by both, we find that the result of literary discussion is often in direct variance with popularly-acknowledged fact.

One of the most remarkable among the prejudices here referred to—and, indeed, the only one with which our range of interest has at present to do—is that which would set up and glorify the classic drama—not as being the first timid step from the closet to the stage, which it is; but as if it were the perfection of a means for popularly depicting to an audience the characters, passions, and doings of men by their personification in action. They would treat it as the consummation of an art, slowly arrived at by added facilities, obtained from gradually acquired experience, rather than as the infantine attempt at making one species of composition serve for another, with the least possible risk of condemnation for the boldness of the infringement.

We may imagine an early period in the progress of civilisation when letters were not yet invented, and when the traditional tales of a people were restricted to oral promulgation; indeed, we may examine that *phase* in existing semi-savage life upon our globe at present. Then the bard or poet sung or said the word of his poem to the assembled people of his tribe. Long after letters were invented and books composed, manuscripts were only to be procured by the wealthy few, and the multitude had neither temptations nor facilities for learning to read with so little opportunity for the exercise of the acquirement. At that time the sole means for extensively publishing the lucubrations of an author was their recitation aloud to a crowd assembled to listen.



Assuming the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer to be examples of the class of composition so published, we may remark how trifling the difference between the epic poem and the Greek tragedy. It is simply the employment of several to do the work of one, with the least possible alteration in construction. This is the exact literary position of the classic drama. The business of the principal personages was recited by different individuals, and all the connecting detail was entrusted to a very clumsy and artificial invention called the chorus: a set of fellows always in the way, and presenting as much of contradiction to anything like dramatic illusion, as if they were so placed to tell the audience not to be frightened, for it was all make-believe from beginning to end. For this purpose "half the actor's face must be seen under the lion's skin."

At such a representation or misrepresentation of dramatic aim, the university-prepared worshippers of antiquity are overcome with conventional raptures to show their breeding, while the popular audience, who cannot be persuaded to profess what they do not feel, because it is polite, look coldly on the show, and are rejoiced when it is over. Thus did the big-wigs of Trinity College, Dublin, the solemn twaddlers of Auld Rickey, and some few isolated examples of a miscomprehension of the capabilities and exigencies of the modern stage, make exceeding gabies of themselves on the occasion of the revival of *Antigone*; which, after a bankruptcy in London, did obtain an evanescent popularity in the second class cities of the empire from the extravagant misrepresentation of periodical criticism.

Had these writers contented themselves with describing this revival as a praise-worthy attempt to exhibit the Greek tragedy, with an approximation to the costume and accessories that the infancy of dramatic experience had then arrived at, the thing would have been received as it should have been presented; that is, as a curiosity of antiquity, and a representation of the sort of accomplishment that was considered sufficient for its period.

But, no; literary people would insist upon more. They would assume that, because this production emanated from a nation, and a period to which they had been taught to look for the *chefs-d'œuvre* of that species of mental exercise to which they are themselves devoted; and because this production enjoyed a certain amount of reputation among that people, it was, therefore, an excellence now, and a model for modern play-writers.

For ourselves, we see in this nothing more than the egotism of literary self glorification as a class; in which the ever reiterated assumption that to write, and invent, or diversify contrivances of which words are the beginning, middle and end of the author's intention, is but thinly disguised as an ovation to a worship, whose deity is their noble selves. They approve of the ancient tragedy, because, in it, it was impossible for the actor to do more than distinctly repeat the words entrusted to him. Expression was not required, for, in the large arena over which was spread the audience, his natural features were too diminutive to be perceptible, and he wore an exaggerated mask. Delicate, discriminate intonation, the choked voice of rage, and the soft whisper of love, were unknown to the attempt of the actor, for the crowd around could not have heard them. Thus, all excellence was comprised in a simple distinct loudness of articulation, or an audible recitation by the actor of the words of the poet. Under such circum-

stances, fine acting was unnecessary; the mode of expressing passion, for which a modern stage affords facilities, was unknown to the period of the creation of the classic drama, and it, consequently, presents us with little or no opportunities for its use. The revival to which we refer was, therefore, entrusted to second-class actors, and they were fettered by the capabilities of the poem. But the actors were quite as good as their literary judges wished to see them. For, in antiquity, the poet was all in all; the actor was a man whose name none took the pains to recollect; and they, the word-mongers, cry out: "Why should it not be so still?" But, now, without having been taught to do so by their supposed instructors, men have learned to judge of the amount of human capacity, in reference to the difficulty to be overcome, and to the quality of usefulness or amusement consequent on the degree of success obtained by the professor; and the amount of their observation is, that to be a great actor is quite as difficult an attainment as to be a successful play-writer. They, therefore, concluded that a dramatic performance—not a combination of both qualities, is an incompleteness for which they have little respect. But, a writer formed on the ancient plan, full of the prejudices he has acquired at school, and overflowing with veneration for the obsolete model, goes on composing what he calls dramas, with as little that is essentially dramatic in their construction as the models themselves, and complains that men have not the same notions now that might have suited the knowledge and habits of those who lived two thousand years ago. Their plays are unactable at the present period, and they would revive the tastes of another period to suit themselves. They supposed themselves to have been taught everything at the university, and are astonished to find they have everything to learn when they have left it. They have taken the medium through which men teach to be the thing taught; and have set themselves up for musicians, on the strength of having purchased a fiddle. They will not allow that in a dramatic performance the actor is somebody to be considered, and would simplify stage possibilities to save themselves a new study, because that study happens to be not words, but things.

#### THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

ROYAL misfortune is a key that touches a very deep, deep tone in the human heart. The sadness of sympathy with sorrow is a tenfold sadness when the sorrow is the sorrow of a king. Pity for the homeless and friendless is a pity tenfold intensified when the poor beggar at our heart's door is royalty. This is not toadyism: toadyism has turned round upon him long ago. This is not flunkeyism: flunkeyism has run away. It is human nature—good human nature—the native kindness of the pure heart of man. So

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,"

for we have a tale of much royal sorrow to unfold.

It is not of the Rajah of Sattarah. Nor of the Queen of Tahiti. Nor of the Count de Montemolin. Nor of the Duc de Bordeaux. For these we may weep any day in the calendar. But it is nearer home; and nearer home it is not every day that we have royalty to weep for. And altogether we are very much moved,—very much knocked up indeed. We'll have a good cry.

The soul of Its Right Royal Highness the Insti-

tute of British Architects has, it appears, been very vastly discomposed of late. Royalty weeps much, and will not be comforted. We weep with them that weep—especially with royalty. So we weep with Its Right Royal Highness very much, and, with Its Right Royal Highness, we will not be comforted.

On the 11th day of January, in the 7th year of his reign, William the Fourth, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland King. To all to whom certain presents should come, did send greeting. Because His Majesty's right trusty and right well-beloved cousin and counsellor, Thomas Philip, Earl de Grey, had, by his petition, humbly represented unto His Majesty, that he and divers of His Majesty's loving subjects had associated together for the purpose of forming an Institution for the general advancement of Civil Architecture, and for promoting and facilitating the acquirement of the knowledge of the various arts and sciences connected therewith: and because they had besought His Majesty to bestow upon them His Majesty's royal sanction and confirmation, by granting them a royal charter: therefore His Majesty, being desirous of encouraging a design so laudable and salutary, of His Majesty's especial grace, certain knowledge, and mere notion, did will, grant, and declare,—in short, after an immensity of this fuss the Institute of British Architects was pronounced to have public dignity and a royal name.

The 11th day of January, in the 7th of William the Fourth, and the charter on that day granted were to be a blessed day and a blessed deed for British Art. The royal chick thus hatched grew up in beauty and virtue, and in favour with all men. Kings listened to its voice, and nobles sat down at its feet. Every Architect in the land gathered himself into it. It taught the art to thousands of joyful youths. It spread knowledge over all the world, and scattered *The Beautiful* to the four and twenty winds; and the earth was glad. It made a collection of all the editions of Vitruvius, and the morning stars sang together, and the system of the planets paused to hold holiday in its honour. The sun sheds double beams on 16 Grosvenor Street; and the moon and the stars vouchsafe to smile there when all the world else lies in the darkness of past 2 o'clock, and a very stormy morning. The triumphs and successes of The Royal Institute of British Architects have been very great and very glorious. If it promised to do a great deal, it has done a great deal more. If we expected honey, we have been fed with nectar. If foreign societies were jealous of rivalry, they have become utterly shamed in defeat. If they hoped for something from British energy, they have got a perfect *ne plus ultra* from British super-supremacy. The Royal Institute of British Architects has made this world very great and very happy.

But there always will be envious people. And envious people don't care what they say. And envious people have uprisen against The Royal Institute of British Architects, and have spoken wicked things and false, whereat the royal soul is sour vexed, and we weep, as we have said, and call upon our readers to weep with us.

The wicked things and false are these. We state them as these people state them. Not that we would have our readers to believe their story. But because we would have them know how much of sorrow royalty has had to bear; and because we would have them see the dreadful lengths that wicked people sometimes go,

First comes *The Westminster Review*, and gives the Institute a hard rub. It accuses the Institute, not only of having nothing to show for the performance of its duty—the advancement of Architecture, but actually of putting, no matter what, in the way of the performance by others, of the good work which itself neglected;—that it not only (among other things) has never given to the world any record of current British Architectural works, but, that it actually refused a publisher its merest sanction and assistance, in a very valuable and enterprising work of such a kind which he contemplated,—the sanction asked, being the mere use of its name for the annual publication of the *Designs of British Architects* and the assistance asked being (£1000?—no;)—the mere furnishing to him of the necessary drawings and descriptions to put into the hands of the engraver and printer,—himself taking the entire risk, and acknowledging the sanction and assistance aforesaid, by the gratis presentation to the Institute of 250 copies of the work! So hits *The Westminster*.

Then *The Art Union* by means of a correspondent gives the same rub a little harder still; following up the fact of *The Westminster* with a comment upon the fact, a comment accounting for the fact only by "such motives as the Council would shun the imputation of." And so hits *The Art Union*.

And next a Mr. Newleafe, drawing deeply doubtless at Caudidus' spring, comes boldly forward to its face to tell The Royal Institute of British Architects that "it is beneath the level of other institutions of our country,"—"cursed" with "an irresponsible and despotic secret government, which, in the circumstances, it would be preposterous to expect to rule otherwise than with narrowness, jealousy, and pique, wanting in ingenuousness, weak in disinterestedness,—"no representative of the Architects of Britain at all;"—appealing vociferously to the ends of the earth to decide, "Whether it is not in its form of government completely behind the age? Whether its purpose is not evidently something else than the disinterested advancement of Art? Whether it could possibly be otherwise than that the public at large should be apathetic in the matter,—the profession at large apathetic,—the amateurs, patrons, and well-wishers apathetic,—the members apathetic,—the younger professionals (upon whose energy and zeal so much in all such cases depends) apathetic,—and the youthful—the students—also apathetic?" (That is, as we interpret it, whether the Institute does not really take most effectual means to destroy all possible interest whatever in the Art); and whether it is not quite according to nature and reason that such an Institute should become more a professional clique, than a free broad-based school of Art? "And winding up his attack and his book with the hot advice that it come forward as a free and serviceable nineteenth-century thing—Keep it as it is, and it will be despised as it is,—unacknowledged as it is,—pernicious as it is! But let it take up the free Art on its own principles, casting away the absurd technicalities and idle questions in which it is wont to deal; and it will find that Art lovers and Art-supporters are many where now they seem so few. Let it pronounce Architecture to be really a Fine Art,—treat it as such,—search into its true principles as such;—and tens will become hundreds of supporters and friends; laggards will become energetic and emulous; old wives' fables will be

laughed at, and Truth studied; and out of the ashes of the puny weakling a nobler thing will rise, and men will see the broad free Art where now they see but a chaos of contractedness and delusion, and honour when they see it what we cannot blame them that they do not honour now!" And thus hits Mr. Newleafe.

And then comes last the threat from Rumour that a few weeks more will bring to light still another assailant, more formal, fiery, fierce than all, (so Secret whispers,)—beneath whose blast the royal soul will melt with fervent heat,—beneath whose dire artillery the royal heart already so bowed down, will be bowed down deeper and deeper still,—the royal loins already girt with sackcloth, girt with—we know not what,—the royal head already laid low in the dust, laid—we know not where!

Such, then, are the sorrows of the Institute. Such are the wicked things that wicked men have spoken. To say that they are false is needless. The Institute needs no defence. The public know too well the good deeds of their Institute. The public voice has too often been hoarse "a-hollering" for its long life. The public ear has too often had to listen to the voice of the charmer charming never so sweetly. The public eye has too often been captivated by the basilisk beauty of its brilliant works. The public heart has too often been warmed by the wit wine that sparkled in its discourse. The public toes have had too often to walk forth to the spectacle of its glories and the grandeur of its doings. The public great coat has too often been put on on winter evenings to fight the envious winter cold withal that would have come between the public ears and eyes, and heart and soul, and the glorious re-unions and conversations, and lectures, and what not to which they were so often called by their Royal Institute of British Architects. Too often, too often, for the public throat to swallow all this now. The public know their Institute. The public love their Institute. The public have deep gratitude to their Institute. The public will defend their Institute. So let *The Westminster*, and *The Art Union*, and Mr. Newleafe beware; and as for Mr. ——— to come, let him bethink himself in time, for if he assail the public's Institute the public will let him hear of it very much.

But wherefore is the royal soul bowed down? Why does it grieve because of the envy of wicked men? Has it not the whole British Lion, from head to tail, Queen, Lords, Commons, and Prince Albert, and everybody on its side—its royal side—to stand by it to direst death if need should be? Why does not the Royal Institute treat its detractors with royal contempt, and let the winds blow and crack their cheeks? Wherefore does it condescend to sorrow?—to weep, and to cause us and the Lion aforesaid to weep with it? Dear soul! it is its amiable spirit. It is afraid it may have given some cause unthought of to these good people (wicked people!)—it grieves that it should offend anybody, (paltry people!)—it blames itself a thousand ways in amiable modesty—mourns over its defects—grieves to think of its high duties, and that they should fall on so weak unworthy shoulders—weeps for this, weeps and will not be comforted, (horrible people!)—poor Institute! too good for this bad world—too kind and gentle for unkind, ungentle, fallen man! Could we not almost wish that there were some impudent people in its council—some of the hard world in its heart—to fight the hard world without with the

world's own weapons—to scorn the public clamour and to shirk the public demand—to tell the noisy assailant that it does not care for him *that*—and to kick him, like a dirty oyster shell, far into the middle of next week!

And what if the Institute (dear Institute!) should die? We blot our paper with tears. We fear that its enemies are many, (a wicked and a shameless world!)—firm, (and an impudent world!)—cruel, (and a cruel world!)—and when we weep over the sorrows of royalty, we weep the louder and the wetter when we think of what looms in the black horizon. But when it falls for ever we will not forget it; nor suffer the wicked world to forget it either. We will weep very long, and very loud, and very wet. We will call to mind its memory; we will sing songs of it; and we will make much poetry about its deeds. We will raise a pyre over its dear dust,—a pyre of all the editions of Vitruvius,—a noble funeral pyre: and when the smoke ascends to heaven the elements will mourn for the right royal dead, and worshipping men will build up an everlasting stone and write upon it—

To tell the story to the end of time  
In sounding words and sounding rhyme—

HIC. JACET. HVM.  
BVC. CVM.  
ET. PRE.  
TER. E.  
A. NIHIL.

K.

## THE FINE ARTS.

### COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.

Having seen several pictures on the easel intended to compete in the Westminster Hall Exhibition of next year that do not seem to have been controlled by the conditions published by the Commission, we deem their insertion in *The Fine Arts' Journal* may be useful.

"Her Majesty's Commissioners having announced that their attention would, in due time, be directed to the means of selecting for employment artists skilled in oil-painting, with a view to the decoration of portions of the Palace at Westminster, hereby give notice:—

"1. That three premiums of £500 each, three premiums of £300 each, and three premiums of £200 each, will be given to the artists who shall furnish oil-paintings, which shall be deemed worthy of one or other of the said premiums by judges to be appointed to decide on the relative merit of the works.

"2. The paintings are to be sent, in the course of the first week in June, 1847, for exhibition, to Westminster Hall.

"3. The Commissioners reserve to themselves the right of excluding from public exhibition works which shall be deemed by them not to possess sufficient merit to entitle them to such a privilege.

"4. The paintings, not exceeding two in number by each artist, are required to be prepared for the occasion.

"5. The subjects are required to come under the general classes of religion, history, or poetry.

"6. The dimensions are left to the choice of the artists, under the following conditions:—The figures are not to be less than two in number; the size of the nearest figure or figures, in at least one of the specimens by each artist, is to be not less than that of life; but the size of the figures is altogether left to the choice of painters of marine subjects, battle-pieces, and landscape.

"7. The judges appointed to decide on the relative merit of the works may, if they shall think fit, require any artist, to whom a premium shall have been awarded, to execute, under such conditions as they may think necessary, an additional painting as a specimen of his ability, and in such



case the premium awarded to such artist will not be paid, unless his second painting shall be approved by the judges.

"8. The names of the artists are not required to be concealed.

"9. The paintings will remain the property of the respective artists.

"10. Paintings which may combine appropriate subjects, with a high degree of merit, shall be considered eligible to be purchased by the nation, in order to be placed in one of the apartments of the Palace at Westminster.

"11. Religious, poetical, or allegorical subjects, which by judicious adaptation or treatment may have reference to the history or constitution of the kingdom, may, as well as historical subjects, be eligible to be so purchased.

"12. The judges to be hereafter appointed to decide on the relative merit of the works, with a view to the award of premiums, will consist partly of artists.

"13. The competition hereby invited is confined to British subjects, including foreigners who may have resided ten years or upwards in the United Kingdom."

It appears that the Commission, not satisfied with a simple approval of Mr. Dyce's fresco, have chosen officially to recommend an imitation of its effect in "style of design and colouring" to all other artists now commissioned, or hereafter to be commissioned, to execute the remaining frescoes in the House of Lords. Very complimentary to Mr. Dyce, but scarcely civil to the artists commissioned, and not at all creditable to the Commission, as evidencing their knowledge of art or their estimate of quality in a picture. It seems their principal cause of satisfaction—the only expressed one—is, that the fresco in question "promises to agree well with the architectural and other decorations" adopted in the apartment. Here we have an acknowledgment that the painting, the fine art, the intellectual art is to be made subservient to the decorative ornament or upholstery of the place, and that its style of colour must be regulated by that already decided on, without any restriction of subserviency, by the ornamentist. We do not complain more of the mean estimate of high art entertained by the Commission than we do of their singular simplicity. Upon what principle or experience of art do they impose a law upon the painter that he shall not be himself but somebody else? Have they yet to learn that a painter of eminence can no more alter his style of colour than he can change his features or add an inch to his stature? Do they think that Mr. Maclise may colour like Mr. Etty, or Mr. Etty compose like Mr. Maclise, on mere precept, that they so coolly, in a parliamentary paper undertake to re-organise construction, and to change, at one fell swoop, the entire amount of the painter's conception? Are they afraid that the ornament may become secondary to the composed picture, if the painter has too much law; and on the completion of this building are we to be restricted in our criticism on the artist by the notoriety of the fact that the artist has been but the tool of the amateur commission?

H. C. M.

#### ECCLESIOLOGISM IN A NEW LIGHT.

The disposition of the female mind to fanaticism has of late displayed itself in a very peculiar manner. Religious mania is of course by no means a very uncommon phenomenon. And the building of churches has never been a very uncommon shape for religious mania to appear in. And, as it happens, "Ecclesiastical Architecture," *alias* Ecclesiologism, *alias* no matter what, has of late been very far from an uncommon shape for spare enthusiasm to fly off in. And, lastly, as it further happens, Ecclesiologism has found work for the ladies, and Ecclesiastical Architecture, *alias* no matter what, has called into the walks of "Art" by the door of "Religion" the ardour of the female spirit. But the fair Ecclesiologists have carried it out in rather an uncommon way: and that is what we have to tell of.

For the last few years the gentler sex have been

employing their fair hands very vigorously in the embroidery of church tapestry and the limning of illuminated missals. In "ecclesiastical needlework" and Prayer-books embellished with funny pictures, Art has poured her treasures at the feet of Religion, and Religion has not failed to express much joy and gladness. But "ecclesiastical needlework" and illuminated missals have failed to exhaust the full energy of female devotion. The fair hands have been turned to other and higher matters, matters of greater self-denial and of nobler show.

Two ladies have built a church and worked all the stonework with their own hands!

Another lady has glazed all the windows of another church with stained glass painted and burnt by herself!

Well done the ladies! We hope the Ecclesiologist divines will take the hint, and be their own stonemasons and glaziers. They have failed in the speculation of being their own Architects; perhaps they would succeed better in this. Instead of the Camden Society cry, Every clergyman his own Architect, let it be, Every clergyman his own glazier—every clergyman his own stonemason. Let experience and the courts of law in stone altar cases teach them to leave Architecture alone; and if they make anything good of the new line we shall be very happy indeed. Perhaps experience will bring them to leave that alone too, and take at last to their own department, in which their labour is by no means little needed as the times go.

Well done the ladies! "She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cat-log of her conditions. *Imprimis*, she can milk. *Item*, she brews good ale. *Item*, she can sew. *Item*, she can knit. *Item*, she can wash and scour. *Item*, she can spin. And she hath many nameless virtues;"—*imprimis*, she can work "ecclesiastical needlework;" *item*, she can make pictures of the saints and angels above, and the other people beneath, in illuminated missals; *item*, she can paint similar devices, very heavenly and very hellish respectively to behold, on glass; *item*, she can burn it; *item*, she can glaze windows with it; *item*, she can do the handicraft of a stonemason; *et cetera*—many nameless virtues indeed, to wit, Ecclesiologism.

We have often felt pleasure to find the niceties of taste and delicacies of fancy of the beautiful sex brought to bear upon Art. Painting, Sculpture, Poetry, Music, have every one displayed in many works the peculiar refinements of the female hand, the peculiar tenderness of the female heart. And Architecture—*real* Architecture—is doubtless no less capable of affording scope for the exercise of the softer graces of human thought. But window glazing and stonemason's work are not Architecture. The ladies must not always believe the Ecclesiologists. When a lady turns foxhunter and ends a sporting life with a broken neck in a ditch, it is very much out of the common way but not therefore very admirable in the female subject. And when a lady turns stonemason or glazier, ditto, ditto. We might say to our youngest son, Dick (his name being Richard) Dick, have a wife that has music in her soul, or Dick, have a wife that can paint pictures or write sonnets; but we should certainly say to Dick, *Do not* have a wife that is a stonemason, or a wife whose fancy turns to the making of glass and the putting up of windows.

Our ungallant cotemporary *The Builder* gives the ladies' names. For which, no doubt, the ladies' "friends" will thank *The Builder* very much.

#### SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

"It is a fine time for the artists," observed an elderly gentleman, in a pale face and white neckcloth; "what with the Art Union, the Fine Art Commission, and the Schools of Design, the painter must soon take his place among the money-making professors of this money-making age." This was not said to ourselves, and as we did not care about enlightening the individual at the time, for he was one of those that do not care to be convinced of an error, it passed among his hearers as a profundity.

He is not, however, singular in supposing that all the grants which have been made for the encouragement of art, have been so many amounts bestowed by the nation on the artists as a body. The artist, however, knows better. He, at least, is not ignorant that every one of these lauded donations very carefully leave him out of their intention. However the Art Union may, as a consequence, be serviceable to the artist, it would be difficult to demonstrate that the Fine Art Commission has been anything but a loss; while the grants to the Schools of Design are expressly intended to undermine the respectability and independence of his profession. The intention of Schools of Design is to make art common, consequently cheap. Indeed, some go so far as to include the free schools of the town among their students. Now, if it were as easy a task to make an artist as it is to make a physician or an attorney, the consequence would be an immediate destruction of all hope to obtain the means of living decently by the profession. But happily for the artist it is not so easy, and he is not merely careless of the movement, but is quite willing to give it his assistance. He sees a secondary good in the horizon that the contrivers of the movement think not of. There is growing up a generation that will know something of rudiments, and the body of the people will have obtained just enough information on the subject to compel their betters to learn something more. We do not believe a single artist of eminence will have been created by these means that would not have made his own facilities had these means not existed; but we believe a multitude will be rendered capable of such appreciation of art as to cause an appetite in them for its productions. In the meantime do not let us assume that these grants are as apportionments of the public wealth to artists individually or as a body.

H. C. M.

#### THE NEW ASSOCIATE.

We do not intend to join our cry with that of those who yelp at the heels of the royal academicians, nor shall we, by mysterious innuendos and bombast professions of exceeding indignation at its acts, unaccompanied by a fair and full statement of the amount of wrong committed, attempt to cozen the ignorant reader into a belief we are just in proportion to the loudness of our clamours against alleged injustice. We shall not shrink the duty of denouncing wrong when wrong is proved; but we assume no more right in a publication like our own, to condemn without sufficient evidence, than we should desire to be vested in a criminal judge. There is among the regulations of the Royal Academy of Arts a rule that all vacancies which occur among the associates of that institution, previous to the 1st of November of each year, shall be filled up on the first Monday of that month. We do not see any considerable cause for complaint in that regulation. Now a vacancy among associates must arise, either from the death of one of that body, or his election to the dignity of R.A., such election not being complete until the sovereign has formally consented, by the royal signature, to his diploma. This formality, observe, assumes to the sovereign the right of refusing assent to any of those artists chosen by the members. Now, if the Academy elected the new associate before the election of the new academicians was completed, its members would be guilty of a breach of etiquette towards the crown, and risk the assertion of the sovereign's right by her refusal of the candidate they had chosen, who would find himself sitting on the ground between two stools. Here we have the position of the Royal Academy as far as evidence is complete. Now, the charge amounts to this:—Previous to the 1st of November, there were four vacancies for academicians; these four vacancies had been filled up as far the members of the Academy were concerned; but circumstances had occurred to delay the royal signature until the period had elapsed to which the known regulations of the

institution had limited the new election, and there was then but one vacancy as an associate. What these circumstances were, neither those who impeach the Academy of a neglect, nor ourselves, nor the disappointed candidates, have any cognizance to fully justify the apportionment of blame to any.

The *Art-Union Journal*, which assumes to itself what it never has possessed, the confidence of a section among artists, jumps, as usual, to a conclusion; and being, we must suppose, very intimate with royalty, tells its readers: "We are quite sure the evil is not attributable to the Queen, her Majesty, it is known, neglects no public duty; and in a case of this kind, where the interests and happiness of three artists are concerned, she would, we may be certain, make a sacrifice, if it were needed, to discharge so agreeable and important a task." Here is some evidence. We have the assertion of the gentleman or lady, that does the *Art-Union Journal*, that the Queen is not to blame, and, as we never charged the blame to her Majesty, we will accept the evidence without the formality of a cross-examination. But there follows a *non sequitur*, to which we cannot subscribe without more evidence. We may not jump to conclusions with the *Art-Union*. "Who then is to blame?" says this gentleman or lady. Aye, there's the rub. Those who are not on the same familiar footing with royalty as this individual, sometimes find access to the sovereign is not to be obtained without passing through divers formalities and introductions, in which the convenience of men high in official situation becomes such a principal ingredient in the affair, that the good-will of majesty itself has very little to do with the transaction. This ingredient the *Art-Union* has chosen to leave out entirely; but, until we have evidence on the subject, we must hesitate to charge the Academy with neglect. There have been two ministries within the year, and momentous national questions have occupied attention. We do not, therefore, believe with the *Art-Union* that this affair, without further proof, justifies the assertion that "the fact is, and there is no denying it, the Royal Academy is the worst governed, and the most ill-managed institution, public or private, in Great Britain." We deny the fact, and challenge the *Art-Union* to detail in its charges. Indeed, we do not believe, that in the face of one capable, as he well knows, of refuting the assertion, that works will have the temerity to repeat it. "What can be expected," says this journal, "from a body who think themselves infallible?" whines the magazine. The claim to infallibility by the Academy being assumed from the circumstance of its want of condescension to the dictum of the gentleman or lady that does the *Art-Union Journal*. We again beg leave to doubt the evidence, and to confess a weakness of character that compels us to believe that forty members selected, on the average, from the best artists of their period, may, by possibility, be competent to transact the affairs of the institution without the assistance of a journal devoted to ironmongery, pottery, and paper-hanging.

We do not, however, believe in the infallibility of the Royal Academy, more than does the *Art-Union Journal*; and we regret the circumstance that has delayed these elections, without pretending to affix blame to any. We regret it for the disappointment it has occasioned to many most deserving artists, who have been refused. We regret it, that it has placed the single successful candidate in a position that cannot escape the accusation of inferiority, and some criticism, as being less worthy than those by whom he was opposed; and we regret it for the Academy, as affording a subject for censure, for having refused better artists than the one they have chosen. Mr. Ward, among four, would have passed without remark; but few will agree in placing his name at the head of the list.

The lecture season commenced, at the Royal Academy of Arts, on Monday last, with the course on the anatomy of the human figure, by J. H. Green, Esq. By a new regulation, none are admitted to the lecture-room after eight o'clock.

#### POSES PLASTIQUES.

THERE is a singular notion abroad that the *poses plastiques*, or the attitudinising in what actors call fleshings, has some relationship with the fine arts. Indeed, many of the newspapers, with an æsthetical profundity for which, since their brilliant achievements in the Wellington statue affair, the daily press is becoming famous, recommend painters and sculptors to frequent these pandemoniums, for the purpose of study, and to familiarise their eyesight with fine forms. These oracles of the time are probably not aware that an artist can have the best of these models at his own home for some eighteen pence per hour; neither does he suspect that the compositions presented to the strange audience collected at such exhibitions, have scarce one property that may be called picturesque. They are, one and all, little more than a confusion of limbs and bodies, put together, without reference to any system of line or arrangement of shadow; two qualities the neglect of which is fatal to a painting. We have seen *tableaux vivants* that, by artistical superintendence and the fit government and apportioning of light, with the careful choice of colour in drapery, have presented tolerable, even suggestive, pictures; but these *poses plastiques* have only one purpose, that of submitting the female form to public view as far as the law will allow of the exhibition. Herr Keller was, we believe, the inventor of this indecency: but Keller's exhibition had a recommendation none of these possess. He, in his own person, presented an extraordinarily fine specimen of the human form, to contemplate which was at once a refinement in the artist's *beau idéal* of muscular vigour. We have no doubt Keller's own gymnastically-developed formation suggested to him the idea which has now been adopted to a very different purpose, and with very inferior means. We should not have considered these exhibitions mischievous, but from an observation of the sort of audience collected; for we would undertake to produce every effect with French *lav figures* or mannequins. Indeed, what are these figures but mannequins, when we note the pinched-in waist and the padded hips, and artificial busts, that pass for real nature on the critics, who, for the privilege of free admission, gravely recommend artists to go there for study?

It is worthy of remark, that the only troop of this description in Paris is an English speculation? Moral England has established in immoral France an impropriety at which the respectability of Paris wonder! But an Englishman can beat a Frenchman at anything, if he tries with a will: and so we are winners in the race of indecency. The best of the joke is, that the *Censure*, supposing that it was quite safe with an exhibition permitted in straight-laced Albion, and finding it had no relationship with radicalism, accorded permission to the Theatre Port St. Martin for these *poses*, without further inquiry; afterwards discovering, however, that, although it had suspected nothing wrong, the public, or that portion of the public who are not easily collected for anything that is right, had been more sagacious. It found that these exhibitions were frequented only by a questionable society, that usually meet for very different purposes than those of instruction and innocent amusement. The *Censure*, then, wished to withdraw its permission; but having licensed an engagement for a term, it could not retract without subjecting the management to a penalty. It had legalised an illegality, and must have patience. We do not pride ourselves on a puritanical sensitiveness that would magnify into a monstrosity that which is simply bordering on the incorrect; and if this mischief restricted itself to the mere collection of those in one place, who, if not there, might be in as useless an employment somewhere else, the thing would be unworthy our notice. But we have seen there young females who, from their appearance, had been betrayed to enter, and had not possessed the firmness to insist on leaving, when they saw the kind of entertainment provided. Or it may be, they had come to gratify an unwholesome curiosity. In either case, the character of conversation that is suggested by

each succeeding *tableau* is such as cannot but provide them at the end with an increased stock of information on natural philosophy.

#### THE DRAMA.

MR. MACREADY'S SHYLOCK—(Continued.)—The judgment scene of the *Merchant of Venice* presents many difficulties to the actor, to overcome which does not entirely depend upon himself. He is but one in many, and the effect of the whole upon the public depends rather upon the completeness of that whole in working together, than any amount of talent, however extraordinary, that the actor of the Jew may furnish as his quota. The audience go with *Portia*; though each, in its turn, is principal, and all are above *Shylock* in degree. He is, therefore, never in the condition to be considered or respected by any one during the entire scene. It thus becomes necessary for him to facilitate effects in the others rather than to present himself as the sole person for consideration in the stage business—even the humour of *Gratiano* requiring assistance—or it becomes an abortion as regards the audience. The long, very long, pauses that Mr. Macready is indulged in during this scene caused it to hang tediously.

We object to *Shylock's* general treatment of a high court of judicature, as represented by Mr. Macready. The position the Jew filled in Venetian society does not warrant the contemptuous manner in which he addresses the duke. The words of Shakspeare are strong, undoubtedly, and, when irritated by *Gratiano*, or occasionally warmed into passion by circumstance, or the course of his own reasoning, some bursts of passion may be both effective and justifiable; but that one of a tribe, whose badge was suffering, should throw off respect so rampantly towards the highest representative of power in a state under whose rule he was but tolerated, is so contrary to our notions of natural motive as to destroy that scenic deception without which the drama ceases to be. This manner is by no means a necessary illustration of Shakspeare's text. The early speeches of the Jew are rather special pleadings to enforce a right; and should be controlled at most to a firm, but at the same time humble, determination. We are afraid that Mr. Macready saw before him but a fourth-rate actor, not the Duke of Venice; and rather chose to seek opportunities for displaying physical power than mental refinement. The sole relief to the bullying of this scene was an affectation of exceeding coolness—a reservation of the reply to a question asked until the question was forgotten. We will illustrate our meaning by some examples.

When *Bassanio* offers to pay the Jew twice his money:—

"*Bass.* For three thousand ducats here are six." Mr. Macready, who was at the extreme right, slowly advanced towards *Bassanio*, at the left centre, and with the point of his knife giving a cool deliberate tap on the bags of gold offered to him, pronounced the reply:—

"*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats Were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them; I would have my bond."

with a continuation of the same deliberate coolness accompanied by repeated equidistant taps on the money bags with the aforesaid knife.

Now, though we may not have insurmountable objections to the mechanism of this, *per se*, it is an annoyance when repeated; and it was repeated in a passage composed in the same key, and having the same accompaniment. When *Gratiano* has reproached him with this savage nature, in the speech ending—

" ———— For thy desires Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous."

There was the same amount of pause, the same deliberate coolness, and the bond itself was prematurely produced to be tapped with the aforesaid knife, in manner aforesaid, to the tune of the take-your-time-pronunciation of the words—



"Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,  
Thou but offendest thy lungs to speak so loud."

"My bond" being altered to "this bond," as an excuse for its production as a substitute for the money-bags.

This, though a nakedness of contrivance, and consecutiveness of resource that was offensive to good taste, might have been palliated to the evasion of censure, had the instances in which it occurs been accompanied by any indication of mental intensity; but all show of reality in sentiment was substituted by mere execution of mechanical trick. The biting sarcasm which is the key-note to the character and the scene, and which every word previous to the defeat of the Jew's malice suggests, was lost sight of in a fragmentary endeavour to polish up detail uninfluenced by continued reference to consistency as a whole.

What can be more feeble in conception than when *Portia* tells him to

"Have some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge  
To stop his wound, lest he do bleed to death."

Mr. Macready inquires anxiously—

"Is it so nominated in the bond?"

and although *Portia* immediately replies—

"It is not so expressed; but what of that?"

"Twere good you do so much for charity."

The Jew, as if he had never before examined the bond, busies himself in a re-perusal, and, at length, as if satisfied and relieved from some mountain of doubt, replies—

"I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond."

Here, taking the words, simple as they stand, without reference to the story of the play, and judged by one who came in at half-price, and had not read Shakespeare, Mr. Macready was right. But take the character of the Jew into consideration as a whole, and he will be eminently wrong. Are the audience to suppose that every word in that bond was not so perfectly familiar to the mind of the Jew, but that he must needs again peruse it in reference to so remarkable a clause. Certainly no. The perusal of the bond was a mechanical trick. The Jew's first reply did not imply a doubt—

"Is it so nominated in the bond?"

was referring *Portia* to that instrument as including all the mercy he would show; and the sarcastic reiteration

"I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond."

was to serve as his final answer to all appeals to his humanity, that should excuse a repetition of the reasons, the audience had already listened to.

While we do not hesitate to place Mr. Macready's *Shylock* before that of any other actor now on the London boards (for the Jew of Mr. Phelps cannot be considered an accomplishment of even his own conception), we do not think it will advantageously increase his *repertoire*; in fact, the coldness of its reception by a very crowded house, must have intimated as much to that gentleman. It is not artistic but tricky, and trick is not sufficiently concealed. The starring system must end in the destruction of the drama. There is now no audience that dares to heartily applaud a new actor, unless it is an audience packed by the manager for the purpose, while a reputation once acquired sanctifies every mannerism in an old one.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—This management presents us an example of what may be accomplished by resolute perseverance, when accompanied by sufficient acquaintance with the thing to be done. We have here a company of actors that, some three or four years ago, scattered among various minor theatres, with very few exceptions, were scarcely known to the play-goer; or, if known, certainly not cared for; but who, now, by the cleverness of the direction to which they are attached, become every week of more and more consequence to their audience. Many that were attracted to see Mr. Phelps or Mrs. Warner, merely because they were familiar with their names, now have their critical acumen sharpened

more finely, by the consequence Mr. G. Bennet confers on the *Henry VI's*, *Friar Laurences* and *Angelos* of the great poet's drama;—a consequence they will have presented to them in no other theatre. They also witness Mr. Younge, Mr. Graham, and Mr. Scharfe gradually becoming Shaksperians; and have satisfaction in a completeness of general effect, even when missing the excitement that results from the perfection of personification that must occasionally absent itself, when the wide range of the drama has been confined to an individual. This may be calculated as a consequence; for, in actors, versatility is mediocrity, and he that is equally adaptable to anything fits nothing exactly.

Mrs. Warner's place in this theatre has been filled by a young actress, Miss Laura Addison, and, in some respects, the change has been advantageous to the play-goer. Mrs. Warner possesses much physical power, a finely formed person, a noble countenance, a general dignity of manner, and a choice of attitude when in repose, presenting, at all times, a study that the eye of an artist loves to contemplate. Her physical power, however, has, of late, received insufficient support from that mental intensity that should give individual truth to the character she sustained for the time. She did not always seem to the audience to think herself in the position of the person whose words she had to utter, and whose sentiments she had to represent. Standing, as she did, without a rival, her effort had become drowsy, her acting was gradually sinking into routine, and her elocution degenerating to a whine. In heavy tragedy she is still, without dispute, the leader; and, when we find Mr. Macready supported as he is, while Mrs. Warner is without an engagement, we cannot choose but lament the position of the drama.

To return to Miss Addison: this young lady presents, in exceeding plenitude, the quality of which we have accused Mrs. Warner of being deficient. Her entry on the scene convinces you she has thrown her whole soul into her adopted conception of the character. Every word and look is accompanied with such true earnestness of purpose, that those of the audience who do not think for themselves, believe she must be right, because she seems to be so firmly convinced of it herself. This is, no doubt, a quality precious to an actor, and one without which nothing truly great can be achieved. When the conception is the result of refinement and complete study, and the physical means are sufficient for its development, this quality is the crowning one of all. We have, however, generally to object to Miss Addison's conceptions, as wanting this refinement, and often presenting an amount of exaggeration that gives undue prominence to those coarse points of character, that should be the actor's aim to purify. The cause of this is not difficult to trace. The nervous energy possessed by Miss Addison, is continually seeking occasion to produce itself, and she finds for it opportunities, not only where it is necessary and called for, but where she thinks it will have excuse. Thus is applause often obtained by violence from the injudicious, that may sap the foundation for future excellence, supposing the materials for building excellence to be resident in this actress. We had written some strong animadversions on this lady's *Juliet*, through which we have drawn our pen; for, after witnessing the more gentle and artistic view she has presented in *Measure for Measure*, we cannot believe she would now repeat that character with the same amount of offensiveness to refinement and delicacy of expression that accompanied its former representation. *Isabella* is a lady that is virtue's essence, and who, though, from the nature of the plot, discoursing always upon sin, and ever surrounded by the impure, seems free from chance of stain from their contact. Miss Addison looked all this completely. The chin-stay of her cap gave regularity of form to her countenance, and the habit of the nun draperised her figure to a classic arrangement, that was more advantageous to her general appearance than any other costume we have seen her wear: the whole presenting no deficiency of dignity in presence. There was, also, on this occasion, whether from

more adaptation to fitness for the part, or a manifest improvement in general conception, far more than usual keeping in the character as a whole. Indeed we can scarcely trust ourselves to point out a passage that separated itself from the rest, as being more marked in excellence or more suiting the mood of the actor. All we have said so far has been to praise; and we fear Miss Addison may be too used to praise to listen to our censure. But we must, nevertheless, refer to some extreme mannerisms that accompany and obscure everything this lady does; and of which we have yet perceived few tokens of amendment.

While gentle converse is the task she has to fill, we are delighted with the delicate, light, and shadow, the distinct articulation, and the soft tones in which she gives every word sufficiency of colour for its meaning; but when animated to passion, there is substituted for all this an unvarying mannerism of letting off syllables, that come snapping on the ear; in which the sufficient blending of the words, to show connection with each other, is opposed by dry, sharp, distinct utterance. On looking at the actress, we see the lips gesticulate with the same snappish violence as the sounds we hear. The first letter of the alphabet is never in a syllable without causing the mouth to be opened to such an extreme extension, as withdraws the attention of the observer from the effect, to watch the operation of the means used to produce it. Dignity in the impassioned parts cannot be achieved while these peculiarities are in such vigour. It substitutes Miss Addison's singularities for every other, and presents too much that is common to every character to produce identity for any. Individuality of dramatic personation, that artistic clothing of the actors self, with the supposed manner of the person represented, may not be hoped for from one who perseveres in mannerising every passage of intense energy, by a delivery that is abandoned to an impulse inseparably allied to a fashion of utterance not to be found in any other. This is a habit not an affectation. It is called, by the critics, a provincialism; but it is merely a vicious elocution, long confirmed by use, that only determined, continued efforts can overcome. We believe Miss Addison to be equal to that effort; and are quite sure that she could not be in a better position for assisting her to success. *Measure for Measure* was excellently put upon the stage. Phelps's *Duke Vincentio* was everything the character required, without a strain for doing more than was sufficient. George Bennet's *Angelo* was a careful performance of the same character of art. Mellon's *Escalus* was sensible and satisfactory. Henry Marston's *Claudio* was bad. He neither looked nor spoke the character. Where is *Cresswick*? Is he too high for this; or, is he shelved; or, has he left the theatre? The *Protest* was played with quiet, suitable sentiment by Graham—a treasure in his way. Younge was magnificent in *Elbow*, the constable; and Mr. Scharfe's *Pompey* shall not escape praise, spite of something too much of face-making. The *Lucio* of Mr. Hoskins was a very clever piece of acting, though he certainly did not dress or look it to advantage. White silk tights do not suit everybody. The play-going world may be grateful to Mr. Phelps for this revival, which has been pruned with such judgment as not to afford offence to the most fastidious.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—We made some slight reference to the position of this establishment in our last, more particularly in allusion to the mode of late adopted by managers to annul engagements that circumstances, or their own want of acquaintance with the profession they have undertaken, have caused them to make without sufficient consideration. This puny faith among theatrical autocrats is of very modern precedent, and seems to be the only quality of management that is at once understood and acted upon by those in whom every other sufficiency is below zero. Almost every imbecile attempt to cater for the town in things dramatic, has shown an energy and decision in this resource in proportion to its marked debility in every other. There was a time when a theatrical establishment was bound by its bond, and we

could mention instances of actors receiving £20 per week in an engagement of years' duration, without being called upon to act at all after their first few nights of failure. It never entered the imagination of the manager that he could evade the consequence of his imprudence by shutting up the house on one evening; he could not see justice in the act, and he took its illegality for granted. That such a subterfuge could be sustained successfully in a court of law we very much doubt at present. But there are many cogent reasons that shut the injured party out from legal remedy. He is, perhaps, a *debutant*, and he would not noise his failure; he is poor, and law is a luxury in which he must not indulge; or it may be that his manager, if not entirely without property, is one whose savings have been so carefully invested, that it would be next to impossible for him to demonstrate in what they consist; and a gained cause might only be an increase of pecuniary loss, without assisting professional reputation. For our own parts, we consider recourse to this practice is an acknowledgment that the manager is unequal to his task, and cannot wonder at observing many other evidences of insufficiency.

In the instance before us, Mr. Bolton, the very young gentleman who thinks he is managing a theatre, has many excuses for these irregularities, that others of riper years could not produce. His sole weakness is that of becoming a manager at all. This is a weakness—an error, but it is not an immorality, and is, perhaps, as innocent a mode of getting rid of superfluous cash as a young man could hit upon. If Mr. Bolton can afford to throw away a few thousands on such a hobby without permanent inconvenience to himself, we would be the last to say him nay. He will have had much of peculiar experience for his money, and will have little to reproach himself with when his hobby ceases to be attractive. What we regret is, that he should have given himself up to some influence that does not seem to understand the dramatic necessities of the time; it was prudent to seek assistance in his enterprise, but the result does not seem to show that he has selected well.

It is quite impossible his theatre can be successful without one first-rate actor in his company; something that would give a soul to the whole. We have no doubt that the establishment is now more expensive to the management than that at Sadler's Wells; but, allowing that it is capable, under sufficient direction, to represent tolerably our English comedy, which is he among them that challenges sufficient respect from the rest to give him authority to superintend? Not one. Consequently there is no picturesque arrangement in the stage management, and, after a dozen nights' repetition, many of the actors are not letter perfect. Let Mr. Bolton think of this, and also let him eschew taking the principal characters himself. If he must act, let him take anything there is left when the rest of the company have been appropriated; that is the true means of discovering what he is really fit for. He certainly does not shine remarkably in those personations he has till now attempted. The only addition to metropolitan talent for which we have to thank his management, is in the person of Mrs. R. Gordon, an actress that, although something deficient in power, is always gentle and lady-like in her manner, and would be a great acquisition to any theatre for a very numerous list of characters in sentimental comedy.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Whatever may be objected to the management of this theatre, the error of shutting its stage-door to new talent, is not among the subjects of accusation. If it understood the management of the talent it introduced, it would now be the principal dramatic London establishment. What though it failed in Edwin Forrest and Eugenia Monier, it was eminently successful in Miss Cushman; and we have now to notice another success, of little less value, though, like the first, there seems a deficiency of knowledge in the management, as to how to make the most of what they have discovered.

Mr. J. R. Scott is no common man; and while we would avoid committing ourselves too far in

stating our impressions from the characters we have already seen him act, we confess those impressions to be very favourable. *Sir Giles Overreach* is not the character for a first appearance. The impulse acting of the last scene requires the actor to possess a confidence in the audience, and the audience in the actor, impossible to ripen to maturity during a single performance. Nevertheless, we do not think the performance could be equalled by any other actor we possess at present. Mr. Scott is something burly in appearance, with features that might be reproached with coarseness; the whole is, however, redeemed by the intelligence of his eyes. We would advise him against too constant a reliance upon that advantage; it is likely to become a mannerism. The *Sir Giles Overreach* had evidently been modelled upon that of the elder Kean, and we were at first something prejudiced against the actor on that account; but as the play went on, we found such an infusion of the same spirit that animated that great actor, that the similarity seemed no longer liable to the charge of imitation. The character was, nevertheless, ill-chosen. Had Kean himself made his first appearance in that character, the audience would have thought him mad, and doubted. The playgoers of that period were more discriminative as a body than those of the present; and the actor that attempts most, risks most with the audience, until they have had precedent to justify the expression of their satisfaction.

If it were an imprudence to commence with *Sir Giles Overreach*, what shall we say of a management that has subjected one that had been eminently successful in that arduous character to the stigma of a failure, by making *Rob Roy* the second character of his performance? We are afraid that Mr. Scott, with all his talent, is in bad hands; and that he will have much to do before establishing his claim to the position for which his talent and study seem to have qualified him. His *Rob Roy* was, nevertheless, no common performance; the play was, however, ill got up, the entire of the musical portion being far below mediocrity. Mr. Compton's *Baillie* was a bit of perfection, as was his *Marall* in the *New Way to Pay Old Debts*. This actor is always a specimen of stage truth that set criticism at defiance. His acting "bears no hinge or loop to hang a doubt upon." Mr. and Mrs. H. Hughes are excellent additions to the means of this theatre. We believe Mr. Hughes to possess more capabilities than the public have yet given him credit for. When we have seen Mr. Scott as one of Shakespeare's heroes, we shall be able to give an opinion with greater confidence.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—Miss Cushman and her sister have returned to this theatre, and repeat their everlasting *Romeo and Juliet* and *Ion*. *Denis Brutgrudery*, says his wife "has but one fault, but that's a whopper!" The Misses Cushman seem to have but two parts, and they are quite sufficient for their purpose. The consequence will be, that John Bull will begin to believe that Miss Cushman plays nothing else because she does not know how. We, however, know better, and regret the *toujours perdrix* to which this lady has restricted herself.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—We were in error in stating Mr. Tilbury was no longer a member of this company.

#### THE TRUNKMAKER.

#### MUSIC.

#### DRURY LANE.

At this theatre, a new opera was produced last Monday evening; the libretto by the prolific Bunn, the music by Mr. Lavenue—[a son-in-law of the late Mr. Mori, the violin player, who received his musical education at the Royal Academy of Music]—but a new name in the composing line. The story is taken from an old French ballet, named, we believe, *Leucadia*, and is of a somewhat doubtful character as regards the *morale*, a little interesting profligacy having been introduced to give, we suppose, a zest to the plot, of which we will attempt an outline, premising that the libretto

contains the usual amount of rubbish, in the shape of verses and dialogue, which Mr. Bunn thinks is the proper dose to be inflicted. Our selections will be taken not from the poetic portions, but from the instructions enclosed in brackets, which are most profusely interspersed throughout, so that there is not, or rather ought not, to be a chance of anything ever going wrong.

The first scene presents to us an inn in the environs of Seville, and *Gaetana* (Miss Isaacs), the landlady, with her two nieces (Mrs. Hughes and Miss Collett) villagers, soldiers, monks, travellers, &c. The music begins with a chorus (*A bumper of wine*). Here one is "holding out a cup," there another "running and filling cup;" now another "smacking his lips," and then "several peasants holding out their cups," which creates a very enlivening scene of people in their cups. There is also some dancing going forward, during which *Loretta* (Madame Bishop), *Juanito* (Weiss), her father, and *Philippo* (Borrani) her brother, are seen in the back-ground; they enter the inn. "*Philippo*, though in plain clothes, has on a military hat, a knapsack on his back, and a stick in his hand"—very interesting particulars! "They all three sit at a table; *Philippo* takes off his knapsack, and lays it thereon." The peasants find out he is a recruit, and "surround him, shaking his hand." A trio is here introduced, "*Juanito* between the other two, attempting to drink, while his tears almost choke his utterance," a circumstance we should think rather detrimental to singing. After this we have a little by-play, *Juanito* presenting *Philippo* with a paper and a bit of ribbon, and *Loretta* putting a purse into the knapsack; they then pay their reckoning, sing a trio, and retire, or, according to the directions, "exeat at the back door." A chorus succeeds—"Sunny Spain"—the stage becomes dark; seven o'clock is heard to strike, and now "The angelus wakens thoughts of prayer." Mr. Bunn seems fond of introducing a prayer; why it is called an angelus, we should like much to know. "The chorus strikes up, the chapel windows are illuminated, the guests kneel upon chairs and benches, while a priest (who pops in most opportunely) bestows his benediction on them; at the end of it they rise." This, of course, they would do, but Mr. Bunn seems afraid even of leaving this much at discretion. "A noise is now heard at the P.S., while the chorus, "Sunny Spain," is repeated. *Peblo*, the servant of the inn, rushes into the hall, followed by *Carlos* (Harrison), *Ferdinand* (King), *Varaz* and *Cordova*, two other Spanish noblemen, "with their napkins in their hands." We have now a recitative and *morceau d'ensemble*, during which these worthies, who are in their cups, make love to the landlady's two nieces. *Carlos* compels *Peblo* to play a guitar; a *bolero* is danced by *Ferdinand*, *Cordova*, *Isabella*, and *Jeanna*; the landlady interposes; *Varaz* makes her join; they laugh at *Carlos*, because he cannot find a lady to dance with. "He staggers up to the door and throws it open just as *Loretta* and *Juanito*, on their return from accompanying *Philippo*, are seen descending the hill by the moonlight." "As he is running out he upsets the table on which the lamp is, and the room becomes totally dark, save by the light of the punch-bowl"—immortal Bunn! The light of the punch-bowl—the light of other days must indeed fade before this *coup-de-grace*. *Carlos* seizes *Loretta*, drags her in, followed by *Juanito*. "*Juanito*, tearing *Loretta* from the grasp of *Carlos*, and throwing himself before her." "*Carlos* raises his hand against *Juanito*, who avoids the blow, and draws his sword." "*Varaz* going and closing one door." "*Cordova* closing the other door." "*Juanito* sword in hand." "*Carlos* drawing his sword." As they fight *Loretta* faints—the women fly to her assistance—the men interpose between the combatants. A loud knocking is now heard—some alguazils are seen passing the window. The scene becomes very animated with a due amount of tearing, pulling, and hauling. The knocking becomes louder. *Ferdinand*, *Varaz*, and *Cordova* drag *Juanito* off. *Carlos* takes *Loretta* in his arms, and exit after them, just as the door is burst open.



The alguazils rush in—they search the inner apartments; but finding no one, they rush out at the centre door, “while *Gaetana*, *Inisilla*, and *Joanna* follow them, in the attitude of asking for mercy (!) as the scene changes.” Scene II. *Don Carlos*’ apartment. He enters, “pale and distracted in his look and manner,” after a short soliloquy, in which he reproaches himself for his conduct towards *Loretta*, whom he has made his victim, we have a ballad. He then goes to a secret door, and “pushes the button of the door aside—the spring darts out” (this, of course, the audience ought to see, as it is so particularly specified), it opens, and *Loretta* advances; “her hair is dishevelled—her eyes fixed and immovable, conveying an idea of her reason having fled.” It is not quite apparent why the idea should even be attempted to be conveyed; for soon *Carlos* takes her hand, and her senses seem restored (only seem, therefore they are not, while before the idea only was to be conveyed.) “*Carlos* advances towards her; she repulses him with horror, attempts to fly; he follows, and seizes her. She breaks from his arms, and falls upon her knees. *Carlos* stands stupefied, and a duet of reproaches from her, and remorse from him, follows. He promises to restore her to her father, and then exits, having extinguished the candles, the stage is dark. *Loretta* advances, gropes about, and at length finds the window; she opens it, and the moon bursting from a thick cloud lights up the whole apartment.” This enables her to survey the room. She takes some of the trinkets, hides them in her bosom, and then exits. This, however, is too simple for Mr. Bunn. Something more piquant is required, and accordingly she “passes out on tiptoe by the secret door.” We really think Mr. Bunn must be a wag! Scene III. A Gothic saloon. At the discovery a grand march is played. Enter *Don Henriquez* (S. Jones), leading in his daughter, *Florinda* (Miss Poole), followed by *Don Carlos*, *Ferdinand*, and others. *Carlos*, the don’s nephew, is engaged to *Florinda*. *Henriquez* tells him he has procured him a colonel’s commission, and that he must set off on the morrow; but on his return hopes to see him married to *Florinda*, and accordingly places her hand in his. Dancing commences. During this, *Loretta* lets herself down from an opposite balcony, by a sash connected therewith. The curtain falls. This incident of Madame Bishop letting herself down, which Mr. Bunn must have thought would produce a startling effect, was, strange to say, entirely unnoticed on the first night; so that the lady run the risk for nothing. Act II. A period of five years has past. A village on the banks of the Guadalquivir. The scene opens with a rural fete. The alcade (Mr. Horncastle) heading the people; a messenger brings him a letter, in which he is told that soldiers are to be quartered there, at which the villagers rejoice. *Loretta* appears, and sings a ballad on the banks of Guadalquivir; she goes to a cottage door—a peasant girl brings out a child, which she caresses. *Henriquez*, *Carlos*, *Ferdinand*, and *Florinda* enter. *Carlos* starts on seeing *Loretta*; some conversation takes place relative to the child, when all retire but *Ferdinand* and *Florinda*, who, after a duet, “exeunt into gates,” the alcade returns with all the villagers, *Loretta* with them; soldiers also enter, with *Philippo*, their captain; *Loretta* recognises him; they embrace; asks after his father; is told he is no more, and *Philippo*, “taking off his hat, raising his eyes to heaven, and wiping a tear from his eye,” sings a solo. Being consoled by this, we suppose, “he then embraces and recovers his feeling,” which, no doubt, is very desirable after such painful intelligence. The fete now begins—Lively music strikes up; *Loretta* on her brother’s shoulder. *Carlos* seeing them, goes up to him and takes him roughly by the arm; *Philippo* tells him she is his sister, on which *Carlos* offers himself as a suitor; *Loretta* recognises him, and shrieks out. The child is brought in, *Philippo* asks if it is hers; she acknowledges it; a row takes place, “and a scene of the utmost tumult prevails.” End of Act II. The last act. *Don Carlos*’ apartment, as in the first act. *Don Henriquez*, *Florinda*, and attendants; preparations are making for the wedding; *Fer-*

*diand*, who has been in love with her, urges his suit, telling her that *Carlos* is indifferent to her; *Carlos* enters and addresses *Florinda* coldly; *Philippo* and *Florinda* now appear; *Carlos* joins them. After a time *Loretta* recognises the room, she drags her brother forward, and showing the trinkets which she had taken away, denounces *Carlos* as her seducer; *Philippo* strikes *Carlos*, is arrested, and, “with a general movement of the whole company, the scene changes and shuts them in on the *tableau*.” Scene II.—An antichamber in *Don Henriquez*’ palace. *Ferdinand* and *Florinda* appear and declare their love; then exeunt. The last scene.—An open space on the environs of Seville. *Philippo* has been condemned to death; *Don Carlos* intercedes for him, but in vain. The soldiers are about to fire, when *Loretta* rushes before *Philippo* with her child, and confronts *Don Carlos*. Everybody comes forward, an explanation takes place, *Philippo* is pardoned, *Ferdinand* marries *Florinda*; *Carlos*, *Loretta*, and, “amidst the shouting of the soldiers, and the complete excitement of the people, the curtain falls.” We have thus endeavoured to give an outline of the libretto, using chiefly, Mr. Bunn’s own words, to whom, in future, we should recommend a little more brevity, as being the soul of wit. We have nothing to say in favour of it in any way; and pity Mr. Harrison and Madame Bishop in the parts they have to sustain. We cannot understand the meaning of these profuse directions; they are all very well in a prompter’s copy; but, for the public, who become acquainted by degrees with the incidents as they pass, what can it signify, whether an actor takes off his hat, or any other stage direction, does not seem quite clear.

Of the music of Mr. Lavenue, we have very little to say; it is throughout very heavy. We trace plagiarism everywhere, the attempt at appropriation not even being concealed. We have not carried away a single ballad—nor do we think any likely to be popular. We will not, however, judge too harshly. Mr. Lavenue must stir himself if he wishes to succeed. He writes very well for the orchestra; it is in the vocal music, the all-in-all for an opera, he is deficient. We will hope to hear him again in something of which the story is more adapted for operatic representation. We feel sure that the libretto must have acted as an incubus upon him, which he was not able to throw off.

The singers may be said to have done their part. We spoke of Madame Bishop in our first number, and there stated that her intonation was correct. One short week, and from constantly forcing her voice, she has no longer any control over it; nor can she sing *sotto voce*; it must be either forced out or it becomes inaudible. Miss Poole’s voice told most agreeably in contrast, the tones came out clear and flowing; and in her ballad, “Happy heart, oh, happy heart!” she quite took the audience, and was rewarded by being called upon to repeat it twice. Mr. Harrison did not sing so well as we have sometimes heard him; his great fault is that he appears to strangle his upper notes. A more open and free tone would be desirable. Mr. King sings with a thickness that prevents the voice from telling; he is, however, a very fair second tenor. Mr. Borroni is always the same; he shows he has a fine voice. Why *The Times* should have singled out Weiss as its object for praise, we don’t understand. Mr. Weiss sings very well, but not in a way to call for any particular remark. Of the scenic representations of this theatre, there can be but one opinion—they are really exceedingly well done. Some of the effects produced were applauded as they deserved to be. And now for the conclusion. Four mortal hours did the opera take in performance. It is the privilege of dullness to be tedious, but this almost passes the allowance suffering humanity can bear. The composer is, unfortunately, in the hands of the libretto writer, who, in this instance, has not spared his victim.

The following and the notice of the Princess’ Theatre, through want of space, was omitted in our last.

On Thursday, the 29th, was revived the ballet

opera of *The Maid of Cashmere*—the music of Auber’s. There were no less than four debutantes on this occasion. Two vocalists: Miss Messent, of the Royal Academy of Music, and Mr. Rafter; both, however, are, as we are told, pupils of the same master, Signor Crivelli; and two dancers: Made-moiselles Anita Dubignon and Adele Bonart. We do not think it at all fair to the two vocalists to produce them in a very difficult opera, the music of which is very high, having been written expressly for Cinti Damoreau and Nourrit; we shall not, therefore, attempt definitively to pronounce on their respective merits. It only seemed to us that the young lady is not adapted for the grand opera; her forte will be in the melodramatic style, as she is a very pleasing and graceful actress. Mr. Rafter was evidently singing music out of his compass; his great defect is stiffness of manner—a fault practice may overcome. The two dancers are from the French school, and danced with vigour. On the first night we preferred Benard; but Dubignon, on a subsequent visit, improved very much on acquaintance. Mr. Bunn has done well to secure them.

PRINCESS’ THEATRE opened on Wednesday evening, October 28th, under the auspices of a new English opera, *The Night Dancers*—written by George Soane, A.B.; the music composed by Edward J. Loder—which may be said to have met with much success. The libretto is dedicated to Benjamin Hawes, Esq., M.P., Under Secretary for the Colonial Department; from this we should infer that the worthy Under Secretary takes an interest in musical matters; and having now accepted the dedication of a poem, we shall hope to find him waging rhythmical warfare against Mr. Coroner Wakley, if ever the subject of rewards for poetical excellence shall again be brought under discussion, official and parliamentary. A parliamentary poet!—heaven save the mark! Mr. Wakley would bring all under the same category, as a parliamentary van—the one at 1d. a mile, and the other, we suppose, at 1d. a line—to such a state would mere utility degrade the art divine! or, to use the words of Mr. Soane, in his *Five Minutes’ Gossip*, prefixed to the libretto, “There is a large class amongst us, who, if they had their own way, would turn the nine Muses into housemaids, plant Parnassus with potatoes and beet-root, and convert the Pierian stream into a mill-pond.”

The story is taken from the ballet *La Giselle*, though altered considerably in its adaptation for an opera, and is of a much better description than those with which we have lately been favoured. The lib. “is divided into three parts, the induction, and three acts. The principal characters were sustained by Madame Albertazzi, Miss Smithson, and Sara Flower; Messrs. Allen, Leffler, Bodda, and Walton. Five only of these appear in the induction; the other two, with many subordinate parts, joining in the opera. We omit a full detail of the plot. The musical merits of the opera were certainly considerable. There was a great deal of the music very good, though much of it indifferent; it is worked up with skill, but in general deficient in melody. The orchestral accomplishments were really written in a masterly manner, Mr. Loder showing that he perfectly understood the powers and capabilities of the different instruments; and yet, as a whole, it seems not to have taken. The reason is, it is not written popularly. The defect of English composers consists in their attempting to force upon the public something they think very fine; whereas the public requires something they can carry away—something to feel, to enjoy. Fine writing is very tedious to listen to; and the truth must be told to our opera writers. Write for the public, and not for your own closets. Mr. Balf understands this, and succeeds accordingly. Madame Albertazzi, with her beautiful expressive tone, ought to do more; she does not appear to study: on the first night it was evident she did not know her part as *Giselle*. In this state she can neither do justice to herself or the music. Mr. Allen, as *Albert*, her lover, sung with great effect; individually, we do not admire him, but he pleases the public. Much of his singing is coarse; he has little or no command over his voice, and his execu-

tion is faulty; but in *ad captandum* passages he succeeds wonderfully well. Miss Sara Flowers' fine rich contralto voice—her notes blending beautifully together—produces great effect. She ought to be the first contralto singer. Mr. Bodda, as the *Duke*, made his *début*, and a favourable impression; he has a fine bass voice, and executes well; he will, no doubt, improve. Mr. Leffler was exceedingly good as *Fribolin*, he confined his fun within proper limits; we must also add he sang well. Miss Smithson does not sing to our taste—some applauded; we were not among the number. *The Night Dance of the Wids* introduced Mr. and Miss Marshall, who pleased much in a *pas-de-deux*. The scenery was very good, and did credit to the artist, Mr. Beverley.

Last, though not least, we must say a word of the libretto. It is of a much better class than the generality we are favoured with—there's a meaning to the words, and a proper attention to rhythm and metre. We have one fault to find, that is the introduction of prayers—*Mr. Puff* in the *Critic*, says, when you don't know what to do, put in a prayer, and, accordingly, prayers are inserted for the most part apropos to nothing; we shall ever raise our voice against this practice—a libretto is not improved by it; and the music is forced out of the operatic character into a sort of funeral dirge, and then returns to the original style, nothing even being gained on the score of contrast. We shall hope to see Mr. Soane again in the field, turning out those who have usurped a position they are totally unequal to.

Mr. Balfe has almost finished another opera for Drury Lane. The libretto by Mr. Bunn, who we hope will succeed a little better in it than in the *Loretta*.

A premium of 20,000 francs has been offered by the city of Lyons to the composer of a good opera.

Mr. Balfe, whilst at Vienna, engaged about twenty orchestral players, for the Italian Opera House; and Mr. Lumley is at Milan, endeavouring to add to the number, among whom it is probable will be found Signor Cavallini, the celebrated clarinet player, and Signor Raboni, first flute at La Scala.

## REVIEWS.

*A Pilgrimage to the Temples and Tombs of Egypt, India, and Palestine.* By MRS. ROMER.

Each day adds something to our stock of literature, and if nothing appears to add to the stock of knowledge, the mere relations of the same scenes by different persons, each with peculiar views, form in themselves a sufficient attraction for perusal. The narratives of voyages and adventures in foreign lands, when filtered through a female pen, have this charm, they give so much of the every-day scenes of life, that more insight may be gained of the manners and customs of the people. The *gens homo*, in the male line, deems it necessary, for the honour of the thing he calls his intellect, to run into somewhat of abstrusities, for the sake of showing a stock of classical lore imbibed from schoolboy sources; thus it very often happens we are favoured rather with the conjectural account of what any particular people may have been than the observations of what they are. Each, however, has its advantage, for what one neglects the other cares for; it is hard, indeed, if, one way or other, a reader does not gain something for his trouble.

Mrs. Romer's work is written in a pleasing, unaffected style in the form of epistolary correspondence to her family and friends she had left behind in Paris. It is, no doubt, what it professes to be, a narrative of what she herself saw and heard, with occasional digressions on some of the many points of interest connected with the past history of this singular country. Most of these details, however, have been so often discussed, and commented on by the various writers on ancient Egyptian lore, that it would, perhaps, not be interesting to dwell much on them. Our attention will be directed to that portion which

always falls with so much grace from the pen of one of the fair sex, namely, the description of those every-day circumstances which make us so intimately acquainted with the manners and customs of the country and its inhabitants, and introduces a reader, as it were, into familiarity at once with the different persons who figure in the narrative of events.

The Pilgrimage begins at Malta, where Mrs. Romer arrived from Marseilles, Oct. 15th, 1845. After visiting some of the lions of the island, she was drawn away.

"To plunge into the vulgar details of the commissariat preparations, which our approaching voyage to Egypt necessitates, and have literally been over head and ears in portable soup, bottled porter, soda water, potted meats, macaroni, rice, ham, tongues, pickles, fish sauces, sugar, tea, wine, and I know not what else besides, with which we must provide ourselves previous to commencing the ascent of the Nile."

To these were added beds, bedding, and household linen, kitchen utensils. But the most important consideration was, to secure the services of a good dragoman, and, in this, Mrs. Romer and her party, consisting of nine persons, were particularly fortunate—for Hadji Mahomed Abdul Alli, whom they engaged for this purpose, proved a great acquisition. The party embarked in a French steamer for Alexandria, Nov. 1st, and after a pleasant and prosperous voyage, about noon on the 31st, the land of Egypt appeared in sight. The description of their debarkation is somewhat amusingly told.

"Landing at Alexandria is a most formidable affair. As soon as a steamer appears in sight, troops of camels and asses, with their noisy drivers, hasten down to the landing place, and before the inexperienced stranger is aware of what is about to happen to him, he beholds his baggage carried off and piled upon one of the kneeling camels by a score of half-naked, one-eyed Fellahs, and finds himself seized in the arms of somebody and lifted, whether he will or no, upon a donkey, to the manifest disappointment of a dozen clamorous expectants, who shout forth, in English, in a variety of tones—'Want a donkey, sir?' 'Very good donkey, sir, better than a horse.' 'Go to Pompey's Pillar, sir?' 'Dat donkey go very bad.' 'My donkey go faster than steamboat!' and fast indeed they do go, and away the new comer is hurried to the great square of Alexandria, where the two European hotels, frequented by travellers, are situated, before he has made up his mind at which of them he will pull up."

After devoting a day or two to sight-seeing, during which Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needles were, of course, visited; also Mahomed Ali's Palace, in the interior of which almost all the embellishments were in the French taste; French musical clocks, French crystal essence bottles, and French china vases, were found in every room; the party embark on board a Nile steamer for Cairo, on their arrival, a scene takes place somewhat similar to that on landing at Alexandria, but they soon find themselves seated in a charabanc, on their way to Shepherd's English Hotel, Mr. Shepherd himself performing the part of charioteer. The night was comfortably passed, and the morning found the party anxious to recommence the business of sight-seeing. Mahomed, the dragoman, now put on his Egyptian dress, and prepared himself for his official duties; when having secured asses, they wandered through the streets of Cairo. The first visit was to the Citain and the Ruins of Sultan Saladin's, from thence to the Viceroy's, who was hourly expected from his country residence at Shoubra; and here a little feminine curiosity lets us into some of the arcana of the great man's doings:—

"The disposition of Mahomed Ali's rooms is quite Turkish, except in the almost Parisian profusion of large mirrors that adorn them, and the number of small and ill-proportioned chandeliers that are suspended in the various apartments. The divans and hangings are splendid, and of the finest brocade damask silks; the corner of the sofas reserved exclusively for his highness are

covered with a square piece of gold stuff fringed with gold, and furnished with three additional cushions of gold cloth; and here were placed in readiness for him, his pocket-handkerchief embroidered in gold, enclosed in a silk brocade bag, a small velvet case containing the comb with which he combs his beard, a Turkish mirror mounted on velvet and gold, a Koran and another Arabic volume, together with a fly-flapper of ostrich feathers, and a bottle of Eau-de-Cologne. The Pasha's bath was heating for him (the temperature, for I peeped in, nearly suffocating), and in an adjacent chamber, exquisitely fitted up as a dressing-room, were displayed the gold-embroidered towels, and a sort of apron of crimson and gold to be used by him on leaving the bath. This little peep into the habits of the man amused me more than a view of the magnificence of the prince."

We have no doubt it did, as it does the generality of good folk, who prefer to linger over the scenes of domesticity rather than to be oppressed with the grandeur of high life. While returning to their hotel from their peregrinations, one of the party, a Mr. P., was saluted with a violent blow from a man rushing through the crowd, brandishing a long courbash. The first impulse of Mr. P. was to return the salute. Fortunately, however, he restrained himself, as this proved to be the avant courier of Mahomed Ali himself, who soon appeared, seated alone in an European caliche, drawn by four fine greys; his coachman and two footmen dressed in scarlet-gold Memlook habits. Mahomed Ali graciously returned the salutations of our party, who now galloped home highly delighted at having caught this glimpse of the Lion of the East.

Mrs. Romer gives now a little digression, on the atrocious murder of the Memlooks by Mahomed, in 1811, with the singular escape of Amyn Bey, one of their chiefs, who forced his horse on the parapet of the citadel wall, and was thence precipitated about forty feet from the ground. The horse was killed, the Memlook rose unhurt! fled into Asia, and subsequently lived to a good old age at Acre.

All the mosques but two are allowed to be visited by Christians. The party take advantage of this permission, and make the tour. Some little account of the date of construction and other matters connected with their history is given, which is interesting. The Pyramids, the first great wonders for travellers, have not as yet been alluded to; nor were they visited until the return from the passage up the Nile to the Second Cataract. For this purpose a dahabiah, or Nile boat, the *Swift*, belonging to the English consul at Cairo, was engaged, and every preparation made for the voyage. The last day at Cairo gave them a view of a wedding procession; and they also visit Dr. Abbot's valuable Egyptian museum, which contains many interesting relics and curiosities. The account of the wedding procession, to which, in Cairo, is generally added the pageant of another rite—circumcision, affords a lively subject for description:—

"First came two wrestlers, quite naked, with the exception of a cloth fastened round their loins; their bodies were smeared with oil, and they pretended to perform gymnastic feats, but in reality did nothing but stop all the well-dressed passengers on their way, and solicit from them *Bachshish* (the first Arab word an European learns here to his cost, as it is addressed to him from all quarters and means a present in money). These were followed by two others equally naked, but wearing a sort of helmet, and furnished with round bucklers and swords, which then came a band of musician, playing upon a variety of instruments peculiar to this country—pipes, flutes, tambourines, darabookhas (a sort of Arab drum, beaten on with hands) guitars, made out of cocoa nuts, and violins with one string, accompanied by singing and clapping of hands, the whole producing such a *tintamarre* as would drive an Italian maestro stark mad (if harmony was not better understood in England in the reign of our Elizabeth, than it is in Egypt in the nineteenth century, I can well understand why the term 'a noise of music' was then given to a



band). After the musicians came the barber's apparatus—a machine very like Punch's show-box, and covered all over with gilding; this was mounted on a camel, whose red morocco housings were beautifully ornamented with cowrie shells. Then followed that important functionary, the barber himself; and finally came a led horse, very richly caparisoned, with a velvet saddle all covered with gold embroidery and tassels; and upon this horse was seated the little boy, who was on that day to fulfil the first rite of the Mahometan faith. The child was very richly dressed in *girl's clothes*, having his hair plaited in a number of tresses adorned with small gold coins, as the women wear theirs in this country. He held an embroidered handkerchief to his face, and was supported on the horse upon either side by a male relative, followed by a number of others walking in rows of seven or eight.

"And now came the bridal train, opened by another company of musicians, preceding all the younger female part of the society, who were covered to the eyes with large shawls, arranged in the same manner that the usual wrappings of black silk are, and holding large bouquets of natural flowers; these were followed by a *duis* or canopy of yellow silk, the four gilt poles of which were upheld by four men very grandly turbaned and robed; and underneath it walked the bride, covered from head to foot with a scarlet Cashmere shawl, so arranged as effectually to conceal the person, eyes and all, leaving nothing visible but the loose yellow boots that are always worn by Mahometan women out of doors. A circlet of diamonds and gold was bound round her head outside the shawl; and as she could not see, she was supported and led along on each side by a matron of the family, scrupulously muffled in the usual black silk mantle. Then came all the elder females, covered to the eyes in the same manner—a sable crew; and these latter were followed by a company of hired women, who closed the procession, uttering the *zughareet* or shrill quavering notes with which every joyful event in this country is always accompanied. These cries are heard at a great distance and produce a most singular effect, unlike anything I ever heard before, and although only sustained upon one note, they are not unmusical. Imagine such a procession as I have described approaching St. George's, Hanover-square—"

The up passage was at length commenced—the *Swift* was hired at the rate of £30 a month, and being fitted up in a superior manner, proved a very comfortable habitation. Travellers who are not so fortunate as to secure a dahabieh, must have recourse to the common boats of the country, the *cangias*, which are generally floating colonies of vermin. The dahabieh is a graceful-looking vessel, with two masts, and three lateen sails; there is a wood cut of one which gives a very good idea of the sort of craft. The crew generally consists of a *reis* or captain, a pilot, and Arab sailors, according to the size of the vessel: the *Swift* was supplied with fourteen; these, together with Mahommed, made altogether eighteen. There was some difficulty in collecting the crew, and it was not until Mahommed fell upon them with his courbash, which the poor fellows took very submissively, that they were all lodged safely on board. On Mrs. Romer's remonstrating with him, he replied, in broken English—

"You not beat these men—you do nothing with them—you soft with them—they laugh at you!—They not the same as English people—they must get stick!"

And accordingly, stick it seems they do get—merely, we suppose, *pour encourager les autres*. This notion of the stick, unfortunately, gains ground; for in another work of a Nile voyage, lately published, not only were the poor sailors subject to the stick treatment of the captain and others, but the English traveller tells out to the world that he took the matter in hand himself, and heartily belaboured the unlucky delinquents.

The object of the party being to visit the different places on their return, they only stop either when the wind fails or the night comes on, the monotony is sometimes relieved by an acci-

sional shooting excursion, or some incident that occurs.

In this manner they passed Munich, Kenneh, Thebes, and Luxor, where they met a Signor Castellari, a Roman, who resides there for the purpose of collecting antiquities, which he sells at a great price; and although they were warned of his powers of extortion, the wily Italian gained his point. At Esneh they met a shoal of crocodiles; at Edfoe the castor-oil began to be very abundant. The native women use the oil as a cosmetic, and certainly do not breathe of "Araby the blest." From thence to Essouan, where many travellers leave their boats, and go overland past the first cataract, and then take another boat up the stream; but Mrs. Romer and her party having engaged their dahabieh to go the whole journey, they determined to face all the dangers, which proved somewhat alarming; but all were at length overcome, and they reached in safety the sacred island of Philæ, from thence to Korosko. They here met a French gentleman, Monsieur D'Arnault, who has been in the viceroy's service nine years as a civil engineer, and for three employed in making a military road, to cut off a detour made by the retrograde course of the Nile northwards at this point; he has also endeavoured to sink Artesian wells, but had not been successful. Onwards still, they reach Ibrim. At length, on the morning of the 10th of December, exactly one month after the departure from Cairo, they anchored at Wa li Hala, the extreme point of their peregrinations. They have now tracked along the Nile a thousand miles from Alexandria, and not a single tributary stream falls into it throughout its long course: it flows or alone in its glory, giving riches to the country through which it flows.

To see the second cataract it is necessary to ascend the rock of Abousir, which, when reached—

"What a splendid view it commands! The second cataract covers a space of six or seven miles in length—ininitely more intricate than the first one, from the innumerable rocky islets that are thickly sprinkled throughout its whole extent. \* \* \* Far off to the south we could just discern the mountains of Dongola, like a purple cloud on the transparent horizon. \* \* \* The rock of Abousir presents towards the cataracts an almost perpendicular wall, pierced here and there with holes, which the wild doves and pigeons have converted into a magnificent natural dovecote. Towards the desert it is accessible by a succession of lower crags, which facilitates the ascent; and on that side every portion of flat surface it possesses is literally covered with the names of travellers, who have penetrated thus far into Nubia, some of them celebrated ones in the annals of Egyptian travel and research—such as Belzoni and Wilkinson—the greater part English; but among them I only found two females who had preceded me there, both of them my countrywomen. My own name was, of course, added to this primitive *livre des voyageurs*; and that duty performed, we took our last look of the wild cataract, and descended to the spot where we had left our donkeys."

On the return voyage, the dahabieh was stripped of its masts, and the men sat down to row. We have now a description of all the wonderful structures and sights with which the banks of the Nile abound; they have, however, been so frequently described, that we will not enter upon them. The general information with which the account is mixed up cannot, however, fail to be interesting to the reader. At length, after an absence of two months and four days, they reached Cairo in safety. It was here the intention of the party to have proceeded across the desert to visit the Holy Land; some family matters induce them to alter their course, and they go on to Alexandria, with the idea of returning homewards. They there, however, receive communications which enable them to carry out their original intention; but, instead of crossing the desert, they go by water to Beyrout, and from thence to Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. The incidents of the journey are pleasingly narrated, and some interesting particulars are given of their visit to Damascus. We could give many other extracts, but we have already occupied suffi-

cient space; and we conclude with the wish that, in the event of Mrs. Romer making any other pilgrimages, she will be persuaded, as in this instance, to give them to the public.

### THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

THERE is a great difference in the support afforded to the drama by an agricultural and a manufacturing population. While the first, generally speaking, looks upon plays and players with a coolness, almost amounting to apathy, the latter enters into the spirit of the one, and appreciates the talent of the other. In agricultural districts, if theatres exist at all, they are small, mean in their appearance, and ill-supplied with artists, owing to the beggarly account of empty benches, save and except upon bespeak nights, when the patronising party, and *not* the entertainment, is the magnet of attraction. On the contrary, in manufacturing towns, however small, the theatres form a leading feature; the performers are not mean pretenders to the art, but of sterling merit; and the drama, for the drama's sake, is liberally supported. What is the cause? Are not the inhabitants of an agricultural district a reading community? Have they no love for literature? Or are the works of Shakspeare banished from their habitations? He forgot not them, but wrote of them most kindly.

"Methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain:

—The shepherd's homely curd,  
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure, and sweetly he enjoys,  
Is far beyond a prince's delicates."

They are sight-seers past a doubt. Let a troop of mountebanks, a circus, or a wild beast-show come in their neighbourhood, and to keep them away is impossible. Races, fairs, regattas, are also well frequented by them; but then

"There's nought to pay."

Still, we are not so illiberal as to assert, that we have hit upon the true cause; their habits may unfit them for the enjoyment of a theatre. The want of means of the labourer, and the heavy calls upon the upper class, may also tend to prevent them from patronising the drama out of town.

As a proof, however, of what we assert, the Southampton, Portsmouth, Chichester, Brighton, Grantham, Bury St. Edmund's, Newmarket, Bedford, and Birmingham, are the only theatres open in the counties of Hampshire, Sussex, Surrey, Kent, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincoln, Leicester, Huntingdon, Northampton, Buckingham, Hertford, Oxford, Cambridge, Berkshire, Buckingham, Wilts, Dorset, Worcester, and Warwick; or *nine* theatres in *twenty-one* counties. Will some kind friend resolve the cause.

BIRMINGHAM THEATRE ROYAL.—There are but few actors here from last season. Business is, however, good. Mr. Coudock takes the leading characters, and is deservedly popular. It wants a principal lady. There is an attempt to supply this want by the engagement of Mrs. Brougham. The company presents a good deal of individual talent, but, as a whole, is incomplete. A Mr. George Owen has made a *debut* here, and failed in spite of a fine figure, a pleasing face, and not a *bad* voice. A Miss George has also failed; and, in the present week, a Mr. A. W. Hyde, said to be of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and advertised for *Shylock*, *Richard III.*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*, broke down so completely in the first character, that his name had to be substituted by that of Mr. Coudock for the succeeding evening's performances. The latter gentleman's personation of *Richard III.* was, on Tuesday, enthusiastically received by the audience—who did not seem to regret the change.

CHICHESTER.—Mr. Aldridge, the African Roscius, has just terminated a professional visit; and, added to his well-earned reputation, as an actor, when the many disadvantages under which he laboured, are taken into consideration, he decidedly ranks high; the deficiencies of nature

have been amply supplied by intense application. His conception in the higher walks of the drama, is clear and extensive; while his masterly execution might put to the blush, many a would-be first-rate actor. His figure is good, his articulation distinct, and his action well suited to the word. Yet he is not without faults; he occasionally rants, and sometimes yields too much to the *ad captandum vulgus* style of acting. His *Mungo* in the *Padlock*, is a genuine specimen of the art. During his stay, the theatre was well attended. Mr. Holmes is the manager; but we cannot say much in favour of his *corps dramatique*.

**WHITEHAVEN.**—If indefatigability will secure success, the theatre under the management of Mr. Corbet Cooke cannot but be prosperous. The company, without being transcendently talented, thoroughly understand their business; and in the representation of the various pieces produced, continue to make so perfect a whole as cannot fail to please an audience. We shall be happy to watch the budding genius of several individuals, and give publicity to their deserts. The African Roscius is engaged for a short period.

**GLoucester.**—The theatre is open, but the Company is none of the best, nor the patronage it receives of the most cheering description. It is, indeed, pitiable that the dramatic taste of a town (not that Gloucester was ever famed for its support of the drama) should be destroyed by professors who "tear a passion to tatters - to very rags - to split the ears of the groundlings." And yet, 'tis even so—and will remain so, till a wholesome alteration takes place, and theatres cease to be refuges for the destitute. The Ramsgate company is after the same fashion; but as the *fashionable season* is at an end, there is no great harm can accrue from the theatrical season beginning.

**ROCHESTER.**—Mr. Thornton, having purchased this theatre, intends to open the same, in conjunction with *Maidstone*, on the 7th of next month. The first-named establishment is now undergoing a thorough renovation; the audience part will be considerably improved and decorated by a first-rate artist. The scenery will be all new, while additions are being made to the wardrobe, and stage paraphernalia. From the well known liberality of the manager, there is no doubt but the company will be fully capable of realising on the stage, what the author in his chamber thought. Need we say—we, who look upon a well conducted theatre as a national institution, wish him all success.

**PORTSMOUTH.**—The Theatre Royal, and the Landport Theatre, are open on their respective nights, one company playing at both, the leading members of which are—Mrs. Leigh Murray, Laws, W. Shalders, Robson, and W. Ryan. Canfield, the "American Sampson," has been exhibiting his feats of strength, and attracted nightly a goodly concourse of wonder-loving spectators.

**DOVER.**—Another week, and another season at the theatre will be at an end—(the third since July, under as many managers.) For some weeks past the company has been "growing less by degrees," until it has become "so beautifully small," that another and another "falling off"—and it will be like the boy's thousand cats upon the wall—"our cat, and another!"

Mr. Parker, the manager of the Southampton Theatre, lately proceeded by action against Hengler, the proprietor of the Circus, for performing *Mazeppa*, and obtained a verdict.

In last week's "Drama Out of Town," in the Barnstaple notice, Miss Stephens was named instead of *Stephenson*; and, in the Aberdeen one, Mr., whereas it ought to have been Mrs., Dyas.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Hypolyte Lucas, the dramatic critic for the *Siecle*, has visited London, and, of course, given his opinion of what he saw to the readers of the publication to which he is attached. There is an interest belonging to these sketches of our character, as a people, quite unconnected with

their truth. Properly considered, they are useful to give us some hesitation in accepting first appearances, as indicating the real quality of any state of society that differs materially from our own. M. Lucas is not so hard upon us as many have been. Indeed, there is an affectation of patronage in his remarks, that is not the least portion of the amusement they afford. He commences thus:—

"A visit to London has become—thanks to the wonders of steam—so easy and so rapid, that it is no longer excusable to omit that necessary complement of education. Many among us, well informed on other subjects, nourish a multitude of prejudices connected with the English people, which a residence of a few weeks in that country would be sufficient to eradicate. They will insist, for instance, that England is the favourite sojourn of the spleen, and have a sort of faith in the supposition that the sun never shows its face to its inhabitants. This is an error. The English are too fully occupied to engender melancholy, and the sun occasionally pierces with brilliancy through the fogs of the Thames and the clouds of smoke that escape from the manufactories on its banks. On looking at the forest of masts that occupy the river between Greenwich and London Bridge, and the extraordinary activity of its steam-boats, or aquatic omnibuses, that transport its inhabitants from one part to another of that great city—it will be apparent that where so many interests are in activity there is little time for *ennui*. It is a great mistake to judge of England from some members of its aristocracy, whose *blasé* temperaments have paraded on the continent the effects of a satiety produced by excessive opulence and absence of motive for exertion.

"It is not to be denied that the uniformity of the houses—their monotonous hue—their colonnades—the railing which surrounds them—and even their squares, beautiful as they appear, confers a certain gravity upon the general appearance of the place, and gives to many of its solitary streets the character of a series of funeral monuments; but on being admitted to the interior of one of these houses, you find so much comfort and convenience—the science of living is so well understood and so sufficiently provided for—solid necessities and fanciful elegancies are in such profusion, that the solemn impression is quickly forgotten; and, if you join to this interior opulence a cordial reception, you are not long in recovering your gaiety, which is in principal requisition at the hour of tea. The English people exercise with nobleness, and even ostentation, the antique virtue of hospitality; but their government set no bounds to their exactions from foreigners. It is, therefore, no use visiting London without having provided yourself at Dieppe or Boulogne with an ample provision of shillings. It is the magic word, the *sesame*, that opens all the public monuments. This obtains to such an extent, that the traveller who has only to do with the venerable functionaries who exhibit St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the House of Lords, and even the Zoological Gardens, might think that *one shilling* and *two pence more* were roots of the language, even to a greater degree than the *goddam* of Figaro."

This is followed by some remarks on the fashion of swindlers and pickpockets carrying the decoration of the Legion of Honour in their button hole to such an extent that honest men eschew the practice. Mr. Saint George is, however, an exception. From Mr. Saint George's we get to Mr. Bunn.

"M. Saint George conducted me, of course, to Drury Lane Theatre, where the *Crusaders* was acting. A brilliant audience was present at the representation of this opera, which the French author had composed in conjunction with Mr. Bunn. It is known that Mr. Bunn, not satisfied with being an accomplished manager, is also an excellent writer and distinguished poet! Mr. Bunn has enriched the libretto of the *Crusaders* with charming verse, and has often proved in his works, as well as Byron and Moore, that the English language is susceptible of harmony, which we should scarcely suspect when listening to a conversation in that tongue.

"The English are more attracted by the dancing than the music. This is well understood by Mr. Lumley, the director of the Italian Opera; and he is preparing a formidable *troupe de ballet*, to make head against the lyrical deserts that have left him almost alone in his large theatre. An unprecedented occurrence has happened to Mr. Lumley. A conspiracy, as secret and as profound as that of Venice, has been entered into against him, and one fine day, when he least expected it, all his artistes engaged themselves to the new Italian theatre about to open at Covent Garden. M. Costa, formerly orchestral director to the Queen's Theatre, and M. Persiani, husband to the celebrated Cantatrice, backed by a Spanish banker, have organised this revolt, to which Mademoiselle Grisi and M. Mario have not disdained to join themselves. None have remained with Mr. Lumley but Lablache. The indefatigable manager, already assured of Taglioni, Lucile, Grahn, Carlotta Grisi, and Cerito, is selecting from all the theatres of Italy new materials for enabling him to sustain the coming contest, which now forms the entire subject of discourse in the fashionable world of London.

"But in the midst of all these lyrical discussions, what has become of the theatres really English? They do not present, to speak truly, a brilliant figure. The Hay Market sustains, with difficulty, the ancient comedy. Macready is driven to the suburbs. The most flourishing management is that of Mr. Maddox, who, observing the antipathy of the English to their own literature, has caused to be translated and arranged a succession of French dramas, and accommodates the British taste by a constant supply of the newest vaudevilles. The English theatre has existed for a considerable period on French productions, without at all times acknowledging its source, for the translator often changes their titles to escape detection.

"Why do the English thus persist in imitation? Is it from want of invention? Has the dramatic imagination, so powerful in Shakspeare and his contemporaries, entirely abandoned them? Or have manners become so common-place as to resist their application to the theatrical purposes? It is certain that commercial activity dominates and oppresses everything else in this country, except pure poetry, and that is cultivated in a world apart.

"This season is not propitious to the theatres in London. The election of Lord Mayor, and the erection of the statue of Wellington, absorbs every attention. London will, in time, be nothing but an immense pedestal for Wellington. No man ever had so much distinction conferred upon him; and it is asked how, with one of those names that will receive but a feeble echo from posterity, he has been able to fascinate the nation to such an extent. A gentleman well versed in diplomacy, assured me that his principal cleverness consisted in having persuaded the English that he had gained the battle of Waterloo! The English continue to believe it is so, and make a great clatter upon the subject that the rest of the world may also believe it. Everything is Waterloo—the bridges, the streets, and the warehouses; and there are songs among the vulgar that place Wellington far above Napoleon! But, apart from this folly, John Bull does more justice to our nation than in times gone by. When there is represented upon their stage a noble and proud Frenchman, John Bull, who has a respect for pride and nobility, applauds with energy.

"The English complain, and with some reason, that we singularly misrepresent their manners on our stage, and a recent example has furnished them with an occasion for renewing these reproaches. In a piece, entitled the *Marché de Londres*, we have seen a Lord Mayor sell his wife, which is an event, if it ever happened. It may occur sometimes, that a village butcher, taking advantage of an ancient custom, leads his faithless wife to the market, with a cord about her neck, and there cedes her to the man with whom she has had criminal converse, for a sum of trifling amount. But, a Lord Mayor! All England laughed at it; they could not have seen his palace



in the city who conceived such a supposition. The authors of the two countries owe to each other more justice of appreciation."

**MUSIC IN INDIA.**—We extract the following curious extract from a private letter, which appears in the last *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, touching the state of music in India:—"In a little side room, the songstress and her accompanists were getting ready, and a few minutes afterwards made their appearance, and squatted on the floor (tailor-fashion), opposite Bhon Sahib; the room was immediately filled with Hindoo visitors, chiefly Mahratta Brahmins. The singer was a woman of perhaps five-and-thirty, moderately goodlooking, but, to my fancy, very much disfigured by the quantity of black pigment with which her eyes and teeth were stained. She receives an allowance of two hundred rupees a month from the Guicowar, in addition to what she may earn on occasions like these (perhaps thirty or forty rupees), and to occasional presents of cloths and jewellery. Of the latter she made a profuse display, her hands, ears, and nose being loaded with rings set with diamonds, pearls, &c. The accompanists were two *saringay* players, who sat one on each side of the singer. One performer on the very tightly-strained Lilliputian kettle-drums, and a lad who kept the gigantic guitar vibrating. And now for the singing. An artist who earns, perhaps, three or four hundred rupees a-month, in so poor a country as this, and who, although of a rather disreputable profession, lives by dint of her merits as a singer only, on terms of easy intercourse with the highest ranks of natives, ought to possess, whatever European prejudice may decide to the contrary, no barbarous degree of musical skill and feeling, and I certainly think this woman would create a sensation even in Europe. The music she sings is of course very simple, and possesses very little claim to merit as a musical composition; but those who have heard Wilson will hardly require to be reminded that the effect which singing may produce appears to have very little to do with the pretensions of the music sung. Her voice was a good contralto of moderate compass, very well delivered, and always in excellent tune; her passages of ornaments skillfully executed and judiciously introduced, and her taste and feeling second only to those of the very best European singers. The natives here universally consider us as barbarians in music, a judgment they most likely arrive at by comparing such singing as this Baroda *prima donna*'s, with the lunatic noises made at the tables of English gentlemen after dinner. And one of my entertainer's friends, who had been delighted, as they all appeared to be, with the warm eulogium I had passed upon their native songstress, ventured to ask my opinion of the comparative merit of Hindoo and European music, in anticipation no doubt of obtaining an European confirmation of the native judgment. I tried to evade the question, but there was no evading him, and I was compelled to forfeit, no doubt, the reputation of impartiality, by assuring him, that though the singers in India were meritorious, yet that music here was quite in its infancy."

**THE FAMOUS MRS. BARRY.**—The celebrated *Mémoires de Grammont* present us with some piquant anecdotes of a niece of the governess of the maids of honour to the Duchess of York, and her connection with the notorious Lord Rochester, which ended in the dismissal of herself and aunt from court service. Rochester was placed under temporary banishment at the time, and "carried the disgraced governess down with him to his country seat, where he exerted all his endeavours to cultivate in her niece some dispositions which she had for the stage; though she did not make the same improvement in this line as she had by his other instructions. After he had entertained both the niece and the aunt for some months in the country, he got her entered in the king's company of comedians next winter; and the public was obliged to him for the prettiest, but, at the same time, the worst actress in the kingdom." So far, *Grammont Mémoires*. In the note attached to this passage it is remarked, that "though no name is given to this lady, there are circum-

stances enough mentioned to fix on the celebrated Mrs. Barry as the person intended by the author. Mrs. Barry was introduced to the stage by Lord Rochester, with whom she had an intrigue, the fruit of which was a daughter, who lived to the age of thirteen years, and is often mentioned in his collection of love letters, printed in his works, which were written to Mrs. Barry. On her first theatrical attempt, so little hopes were entertained of her, that she was (as Cibber declares) discharged the company at the end of the first year, among others that were thought to be a useless expense to it. She was well born, being daughter of Robert Barry, Esq., barrister-at-law, a gentleman of an ancient family and good estate, who hurt his fortune by his attachment to Charles I., for whom he raised a regiment at his own expense. Curl, however, says, she was early taken under the patronage of Lady Davenant. Both these accounts may be true. The time of her appearance on the stage was, probably, not much earlier than 1671, in which year she performed in *Tom Essence*, and was, it may be conjectured, about the age of nineteen. Curl mentions the great pains taken by Lord Rochester in instructing her; which were repaid by the rapid progress she daily made in her profession. She at last eclipsed all her competitors, and in the part of *Monimia*, in Otway's *Orphan*, established her reputation. From her performance in this character, in that of *Belvidera*, and of *Isabella*, in the *Fatal Marriage*, Downes says she acquired the name of the "Famous Mrs. Barry," both at the court and in the city. "Mrs. Barry," says Dryden, in his *Preface to Cleomenes*, "always excellent, has, in this tragedy, excelled herself, and gained a reputation beyond any woman I have ever seen on the stage." "In characters of greatness," says Cibber, "Mrs. Barry had a presence of elevated dignity; her mien and motion superb, and gracefully majestic; her voice full, clear, and strong; so that no violence of passion could be too much for her; and, when distress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody and softness. In the art of exciting pity she had a power beyond all the actresses I have yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive. In scenes of anger, defiance, or resentment, while she was impetuous and terrible, she poured out the sentiment with enchanting harmony; and it was this particular excellence for which Dryden made her the above recited compliment, upon her acting *Cassandra* in his *Clomenes*. She was the first person whose merit was distinguished by the indulgence of having an annual benefit play, which was granted, to her alone, in King James's time, and which did not become common to others till the division of this company, after the death of King William and Queen Mary." *Cibber's Apology*, 1750, p. 133. Tony Aston says, "She was not handsome, her mouth opening most on the right side, which she strove to draw 'tother way; and at times composing her face, as if sitting for her picture. She was," he adds, "middle-sized; had darkish hair, light eyes, and was indifferently plump. In tragedy she was solemn and august; in comedy, alert, easy, and genteel; pleasant in her face and action; filling the stage with variety of gesture. She could neither sing nor dance; no, not in a country dance." *Supplement to Cibber*, p. 7. The printed letters in Otway's works are generally supposed to have been addressed to her. She adhered to Betterton in all the revolutions of the theatre, which she quitted in 1708, on account of her health. The last new character, of any consequence, which she performed seems to have been *Phœdra*, in Smith's tragedy. She returned, however, for one night, with Mrs. Bracegirdle, April 7, 1709; and performed *Mrs. Frail*, in *Love for Love*, for Mr. Betterton's benefit, and afterwards spoke an occasional epilogue, written by Rowe. She died 7th November, 1713, and was buried at Acton. The inscription over her remains says she was fifty-five years of age.—*Note to Grammont's Mémoires*.

There is some mistake in this date, as to the death of this actress, for, in a pamphlet we have seen, bearing date 1743, and written by one familiar with stage matters, we find "Mrs. Barry

was the best actress the English stage could boast, and is still (1743) the best judge both of speaking and acting in the kingdom." It is not probable that such an error would occur to a contemporary writer.—*Editor, Journal of the Arts*.

When Bloomsbury Church was finished, the figure of King George I., surmounting the steeple, excited much criticism, and gave rise to the following lines, printed in a sixpenny book for children, about 1756:—

"No longer stand staring,  
My friend, at Cross Charing,  
Amidst such a number of people;  
For a man on a horse,  
Is a matter of course,  
But look, here is a king on a steeple!"

There is another epigram on this subject, which is worth remembering—

"It might shortly be proved, without pains or research,

That the king's claims are good to be head of the church;

This, however, contents not the Bloomsbury people,  
Who're determined to make him the head of the steeple."

#### Smith's Antiquarian Ramble.

Gilbray, the celebrated caricaturist, was a pupil of Mr. Ashby, the engraver of Tompkins's penmanship, of whom there is a portrait. He afterwards studied under Bartolozzi, but soon followed the genuine bent of his genius; too often, it must be acknowledged, at the expense of honour and honesty. He would, by his publication, either divulge family secrets, with which the public had nothing to do, or expect favour for the plates he destroyed.—*Smith's Antiquarian Ramble*.

M. Lockroy replaces M. H. Cogniard in the direction of the Vaudeville.

The opening of the Theatre Montpensier (Dumas' Theatre) has been announced to take place in December. The rehearsals of *La Reine Margot* have been going on at the little theatre Rue des Fosses du Temple.

**PARIS.**—The season can scarce be said to have commenced. The Marchioness of Normanby (*L'Ambassadrice Britannique*) is the only lady among the *haut ton* whose *salon* is open to society, and there the *élite* of the *littérature française* assemble. The marchioness is very popular in the French capital, receives her visitors with graceful ease, and speaks the language with purity. She is said to have a fine talent for the drama, and had in preparation a French play, to be acted by English amateurs; but the disasters that have done so much scathe to France in some of the provinces, have delayed the project. It is no time for laughing, even at the English embassy.

Amateur acting is now generally the mode in Paris, and we could mention several distinguished ladies, who have evinced a capability for the drama, that would astonish some old stagers. It is remarkable that the professional actress must study for a long period before acquiring the manners of a court lady, while the latter may become at once an actress. High society is a more efficient exercise than provincial experience.

It is reported that Alfred de Muscat is writing a tragedy for Madlle. Rachel.

**ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.**—Artists are again busy with competition. It is a matter of wonder that, among reasonable and thinking men, a very trifling temptation will have consequence sufficient to motive the expenditure of twenty times the amount of the promised prize. We have no sufficient data for calculating the number of competitors for the St. John the Baptist with his legs in the water, but we expect the square feet of canvas devoted to that affair will be something remarkable. The foreigner has here a great advantage over the Englishman, for he has a chance of disposing of his picture, if he fails, in Catholic France or Germany; but Protestant Britain affords no mart for such performances.

ENGLISH DILETTANTIISM; OR WHAT THE FRENCH THINK OF US!—English ambition knows no limit; it has just arrived at that point as to have the pretension to become musical; and, like all parvenus, who are awkward in their manner, she has no hling but the affectation of the art. The English aristocracy, ere long, will be where our own was in 1780; it will have *Le coin du Roi et le coin de la Reine*; but we doubt whether it will ever rouse itself sufficiently to draw the sword in favour of such or such composer as our Dilettanti's did, at the time of the famous quarrel between the Gluckists and the Piccinists. There remains to us, however, from this quarrel, a musical and dramatic school, which retains its importance throughout artistic Europe; and it is this which ought to result necessarily from the two styles, the different manner of two men of genius who arose among us; of that interesting strife of two schools founded on our own; of that strife, indeed, which was renewed later between Meyerbeer and Rossini, and which has ceased too soon for the interest of the art and the gratification of the public. It may be presumed, that it is for the purpose of seeing founded (among themselves) a school of dramatic music, that the Messrs. Anglins oppose il Maestro Persiani to il Signor Verdi at the two theatres. Whatever may happen, there will be musical abundance here, as well as at the concerts; they play even a la decentralisation musical as we do in France; for the different towns of England call those virtuosos who have shone at the capital. Thus the English aristocracy, who, heretofore, limited themselves to carrying off merely our dancers, now supply themselves from Paris with virtuosos, and even orchestral musicians. For Mr. Lumley, the director of the Italian Opera in London, demands, with hue and cry, our instrumentalists in the name of Queen Victoria. Go then, accomplished violinists, &c., &c., go to London, and become merchants of wine, or give lessons as Viotti and Moscheles have done, and return to the Continent when you have, amassed a fortune, to recover your position in the artistic world.—*French Paper.*

ROSE CHERI.—One evening at the *Gymnase*, Mademoiselle Nathalie had been announced in a character, which indisposition prevented her from acting, and the audience were informed from the stage that her place would be taken on the occasion by a young artist, who, accidentally at the theatre, had kindly undertaken the part at so short a notice. The parterre grumbled exceedingly, for the Parisian parterre is naturally discontented, and there were repeated calls for Nathalie. But, when a young girl presented herself to their regards in her place, timidly astonished at her own boldness, and imploring, with her every gesture, the consideration of the audience, they were at once silenced; and the *debutante* had scarcely enunciated four words, or made four steps across the stage, when the house resounded with plaudits from every part. Before the end of the evening the new actress was no longer the double of Mademoiselle Nathalie, but was engaged as *jeune premiere* by the directors of the *Gymnase*, to which establishment she has been ever since a mine of wealth. Mademoiselle Rose Cheri is the most original actress of the French or English stage. She has no manner. Her perception is exquisitely-selected nature.

THE POWER OF ART.—It is natural for our senses and our imaginations to be delighted with singing, with instrumental music, with poetry, and with graceful action, taken separately, none of them being, in the vulgar sense, natural, even in that separate state—it is conformable to experience, and therefore agreeable to reason as connected and referred to experience, that we should also be delighted with the union of music, poetry, and graceful action, joined to every circumstance of pomp and magnificence calculated to strike the senses of the spectator. Shall reason stand in the way, and tell us that we ought not to like what we know we do like, and prevent us from feeling the full effect of this complicated exertion of art? This is what I would understand by poets and painters being allowed to dare everything; for

what can be more daring than accomplishing the purpose and end of art by a complication of means, none of which have their archetypes in actual nature?—*Sir J. Reynolds' Discourses.*

#### DUMAS' HAMLET.

We assume that our readers are familiar with Hamlet's instructions to the players. It may be amusing to some to compare the translation, by M. Paul Meurice, of that passage with the original:—

“Tu m'entends, camarade,  
D'un accent naturel prononce la tirade,  
Et comme tel et tel ne grossis pas ta voix  
A mettre les crieurs et les bœufs aux abois.  
Il ne faut pas non plus de ton geste rapace,  
Fendu comme un compas, accaparer l'espace.  
Reste maître de toi, Jamais d'effet criard  
Laisse aux troubles du cœur la dignité de l'art,  
Et quand la passion entraîne, gronde et tonne,  
Tache que l'on admire avant que l'on s'étonne.  
Quelle supplice de voir des lourdeaux impudens,  
Qui grincent leurs douleurs et dont grincent nos dents  
Ecorcher, à la fois, la piece et nos oreilles,  
Tandis que la parterre, à ces grosses merveilles  
Stupefait, applaudit le grand cris, les grand bras,  
Et siffle un noble acteur qui ne l'assoudit pas!  
Le fouet à ces brailards drapés en matamore,  
Qui sur l'effreux tyran encherissent encore.  
Evite ces défauts \* \* \*  
Pourant pas de froideur et pas d'air maniéré;  
Accorde simplement ton geste et ta parole,  
Et fais que la nature éclate dans ton rôle.  
La nature avant tout—La scène est un miroir  
Ou l'homme, tel qu'il est, bien et mal, doit se voir;  
On s'écie qu'on oublie, et pays qu'on ignore,  
Reprennent leur allure, et viennent vivre encore.  
Si l'image est outrée, et le reflet pâli  
Que le vulgaire y trouve un chef-d'œuvre accompli,  
Un esprit éclairé qui vous ferait la guerre,  
Pour vous doit l'emporter seul, sur tout le vulgaire.  
Ah! j'ai vu maint acteur, dont on disait grand bien,  
Et dont l'aspect, ma foi, n'avait rien de chrétien,  
Ni même de payen, ne d'humain, à vrai dire  
Et qui gesticulant, hurlant, comme en délire  
Semblait un pauvre essai qu'un grossier apprenti,  
Pour singer la nature, avait un jour bâti,  
Mais qui, boiteux, manqué, gauche, sans harmonie,  
Pour notre humanité n'était qu'une ironie.”

How our poor Shakspeare halts in the fetters of this prosaic versification. It appears *Othello* and the *Merchant of Venice* have been subjected to the same operation from M. Alfred de Vigny; *Romeo and Juli* from Emille Deschamps, and *Macbeth* from Jules Laeroix. As soon as these works are published they shall be noticed by us. *Hamlet* is not yet given to the world, but surreptitiously and by fragments.

#### CONCERTS.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Monsieur Jullien once more wields his baton here, having under his control a very efficient orchestra. Crowded houses testify that promenade concerts are still favourites with the English public, and we hope they may continue so: it will be impossible to enumerate all the music played. The great attraction seems to be the *British Army Quadrille*, to perform which, four military bands are added to the already large orchestra, these are packed up at the back of the others on a raised platform enclosed. In all, we believe, there are ninety or a hundred. Of the music, our idea was, it was a great noise; however, it pleases the public, so we have nothing to say against it, on their account. Monsieur Jullien's object, of course, is the gratification of the said public, in effecting which, he also gratifies himself in the shape of very handsome nightly receipts. Vocal music has been added to increase the attraction, Miss Birch having been engaged for the occasion.

EASTERN INSTITUTION, COMMERCIAL ROAD.—A concert took place on Tuesday last. The vocalists on the occasion were Miss Rainforth, Misses A. and M. Williams, and Miss Dolby, Messrs. Lockey,

Leffler, and Lee. The music was selected from the works of Mozart, Haydn, Weber, Rossini, Lindpainter, &c. &c.

Rumour tells of a change of ministry in our cotemporary *The Civil Engineer and Architects' Journal*. CANDIDUS retires. Let the learned and wise rejoice. Let Sir Robert Smirke clap his hands. Let the Institute sing songs upon a ten stringed instrument and leap like a little company of kids in the wilderness. CANDIDUS retires. Temporarily only, it is to be hoped.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**L U C R E T I A .**  
Lithographed by T. H. Maguire, from a Painting by C. R. Leslie, Esq., R.A. Proofs, 10s.; Prints, 5s.  
E. GAMBART, JUNIOR, and Co., 25, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

Just published, price 1s.  
**DISTRESS—THE CONSEQUENCE OF CAPITAL**, with some suggestions for the Establishment of a Refuge from the Extremity of Destitution for the Working Classes, by Henry Calton Maguire.  
F. C. WESTLEY, 103, Strand.

Just published, by Dobbs and Company,  
**THE DRAWING-ROOM ALMANACK** for 1847, richly illuminated in Gold and Colours. 1s.  
DOBBS and CO.'S IMPROVED DRAWING PENCILS.—Dobbs and Co. avail themselves of this opportunity to invite special attention to their recent valuable improvements in the manufacture of Drawing Pencils, which for accuracy of shade, brilliancy of colour, and neatness of finish, they consider unequalled.

**THE LONDON ART-UNION ANNUAL**, FOR 1847. Containing 265 Engravings from painting of modern masters, taken expressly for this work. Price 4to, crimson cloth, gilt edges, £2 2s. Large paper proofs, crimson half morocco, gilt, with inch device, £4 4s. India (only 25 taken), whole bound morocco, elegantly gilt, £12 12s., or taking the two Vols. 1846 and 1847, small paper, £3 13s. 6d. Large paper, the two Vols. 1846 and 1847, £7 7s.

Publisher, R. A. SPRIGG, 106, Great Russell-street, Bedford-square, London.

#### FINE ARTS.

**THE BROAD DRAWING PENCILS**, as prepared for the two last Government Expeditions, yield a painting-like touch the sixth of an inch in breadth, consist of five shades, from a dense black to the lightest atmospheric tint, and are indexed on an original principle, by which much time is saved to the Artist. To be had, postage free, of the Inventor only, T. C. GALPIN (Professor of Drawing), 62, Haymarket, London, where specimens and testimonials of their advantages for rapid execution and effect may be seen.

**INITIAL ENVELOPES.**  
F. C. WESTLEY, 103, Strand, keeps on sale Envelopes stamped with any initial in all the useful sizes, to fasten without wax or wafer.

Armorial Bearings, Crests, or Initials, embossed and correctly emblazoned on Letter or Note Paper, Envelopes, &c. Heraldic and Medallion Wafers made to order.  
Dies Engraved by first-rate Artists.

Crests, from.....10s.  
Arms in full, from.....20s.  
Books of specimens sent to any part of town for inspection. Orders from the country promptly executed.

#### CHEAP LETTER PAPER.

5 Quires of good Letter Paper for.....2s.  
5 Quires capital ditto (much approved) for.....2s. 6d.  
5 Quires Superfine large size Counting-house ditto for 3s. 6d.  
5 Quires large Blue Commercial Letter Paper for.....2s. 6d.  
5 Quires Good Note Paper for.....1s.  
5 Quires Superfine ditto for.....1s. 6d.  
5 Quires Cream laid (Palace Quality).....2s.  
5 Quires Capital Foolscap for.....4s. 6d.  
5 Quires Outsize ditto very good, for.....2s. 6d.  
Envelopes (capital paper), per 100, note sizes, 6d., letter sizes..... 6d.

Gentleman's Name Plate Engraved, 2s. 6d.  
One Hundred Superfine Cards Printed, 2s. 6d.  
All kinds of Engraving, Printing, and Bookbinding, executed with Neatness and Cheapness.

Marion's French "Foreign Letter Paper."  
F. C. WESTLEY, 103, Strand (three doors East of King's College.)

London: Printed by WILLIAM WHITNEY GRABING, of No. 2, Smart's Buildings, in the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex, at 27, Parker-street, in the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, as aforesaid; and Published by JOHN DAY, of 43, Paradise-street, Lambeth, at the Office of the *Fine Arts' Journal*, 103, Strand, in the Parish of St. Mary-le-Strand, in the Liberty of Westminster.